

Love and a Bottle.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

Vade, sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse.

Ovid. Trist. El. 1.

L O N D O N,

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J. CLARKE. 1760.





To the Right Honourable

P E R E G R I N E,

Lord Marquis of *Carmarthen*, &c.

My LORD,

BEing equally a Stranger to your Lordship, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, something of a natural Impulse, and aspiring Motion in my Inclinations, has prompted me, tho' I hazard a Presumption, to declare my Respect: And be the Success how it will, I am vain of nothing in this Piece, but the Choice of my Patron; I shall be so far thought a judicious Author, whose principal Business is to design his Works an Offering to the greatest Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, my Lord, stand accused of any Sort of Adulation, but to myself, because Compliments due to Merit return upon the Giver, and the only Flattery is to myself, whilst I attempt your Lordship's Praise. I dare make no Essay on your Lordship's youthful Bravery and Courage, because such is always guarded with Modesty, but shall venture to present you some Lines on this Subject, which the World will undoubtedly apply to your Lordship.

*Courage, the highest Gift, that scorns to bend
To mean Devices for a sordid End.*

Courage

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Courage——an independent Spark from Heaven's
(bright Throne,
By which the Soul stands rais'd, triumphant, high,
Great in itself, not Praises of the Crowd, (alone,
Above all Vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty Attribute of Powers above,
By which those great in War, are great in Love.
The Spring of all brave Acts is seated here,
As Falshoods draw their sordid Birth from Fear.*

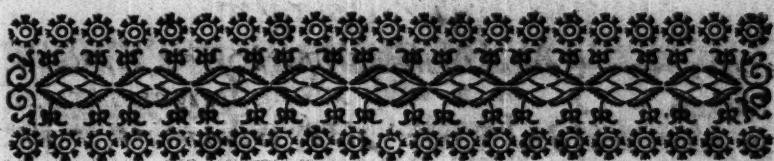
The best and noblest Part of Mankind pay Homage to Royalty; what Veneration then is due to those Virtues and Endowments which even engag'd the Respect of Royalty itself, in the Person of one of the greatest Emperors in the World, who chose your Lordship not only as a Companion, but a Conductor?

He wanted the Fire of such a *Briton* to animate his cold *Russians*, and wou'd therefore chuse you his Leader in War, as in Travel: He knew the Fury of the *Turk* cou'd be only stopt by an *English* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *English* King. A Sense of this Greatness, which might deter others, animates me to address your Lordship; resolv'd that my first Muse shou'd take an high and daring Flight, I aspir'd to your Lordship's Protection for this Trifle, which I must own myself now proud of, affording me this Opportunity of humbly declaring myself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.



PROLOGUE.

By J. H. spoken by Mr. Powel; a Servant
attending with a Bottle of Wine.

*AS stubborn Atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying Day;
So in their Pangs, most Authors rack'd with Fears,
Implore your Mercy in our suppliant Pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd,
Love and a Bottle are his Peaceful Arms;
Ladies and Gallants, have not these some Charms?
For Love, all Mankind to the Fair must sue:
And, Sirs, the Bottle he presents to you.
Health to the Play, (drinks) e'en let it fairly pass,
Sure none sit here that will refuse their Glass!
O there's a damning Soldier——let me think——
He looks as he were sworn—to what? To drink. [drinks.
Come on then; Foot to Foot be boldly set,
And our young Author's new Commission wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their Doom,
From you the Poet's Halicon must come;
If he has any Foes, to make amends,
He gives his Service (drinks) sure you now are Friends.
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The Day be theirs, he only begs his Night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all Abuse,
Then name the Health you love, let none refuse,
But each Man's Mistress be the Poet's Muse.*

Drama- }

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Roebuck.</i>	{ An Irish Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper; newly come to London. }	Mr. Williams.
<i>Lovewell.</i>	{ His Friend, sober and modest, in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mr. Mills.
<i>Mockmode.</i>	{ A young Squire, newly come from the University, and setting up for a Beau. }	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Lyrick.</i>	A Poet.	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Pamphlet.</i>	A Bookseller.	} Mr. Haynes.
<i>Rigadoon.</i>	A Dancing-Master.	
<i>Nimblewrist.</i>	A Fencing-Master.	Mr. Ashton.
<i>Club.</i>	Servant to <i>Mockmode</i> .	Mr. Pinkethman.
<i>Brush.</i>	Servant to <i>Lovewell</i> .	Mr. Fairbank.

W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda.</i>	{ A Lady of confide- rable Fortune. }	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Leantbe.</i>	{ Sister to <i>Lovewell</i> , in Love with <i>Roebuck</i> , and disguis'd as <i>Lucinda's</i> Page. }	Mrs. Maria A- lison.
<i>Trudge.</i>	Whore to <i>Roebuck</i> .	Mrs. Mills.
<i>Bulfinch.</i>	{ Landlady to <i>Mock- mode</i> , <i>Lyrick</i> , and <i>Trudge</i> . }	Mrs. Powel.
<i>Pindress.</i>	{ Attendant and Con- fident to <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mrs. Moor.

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Masques, Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

Love

Love and a Bottle.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck in a Riding Habit Solus, repeating the following Line.



T *HUS far our Arms have with Success been crown'd——Heroically spoken, faith, of a Fellow that has not one Farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my present Necessity, may I be hang'd; tho' I am reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very soon, if Robbery or Theft will purchase the Gallows. But hold——can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?*

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the Lord's sake.

Roeb. Ha!——a Glimpse of Damnation just as a Man is entering into Sin, is no great Policy of the Devil.——But how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip.

Crip. Five Years, an't please you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five Years a Soldier, and fifteen a Beggar!——This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful Maintenance than I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why wouldst thou beg of me? Dost think I am rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you charitable. Your warm Fellows are so much above the Sense of our Misery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by sad Experience, as needless to beg of a rich Man, as a Clergyman. Our greatest Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all disbanded, and must now turn Beggars like myself; and so, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What! Are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will say Dam'me, and give me Sixpence; and a Parson shall whine out God bless me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Blessing much the best.

Roeb. Are the Beaus never compassionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear stop their Ears so close, that they can't hear us; and if they should, they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to bestow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miser in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the Favour which rich Friends bestow, a little Advice: I am as poor as thou art, and am designing to turn Soldier.

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Crip. No, no, Sir; see what an honourable Post I am forc'd to stand to, my Rags are Scare-crows sufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn Bird of Prey at home. *[Shewing his Crutch.]*

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer sort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou hast got a Cloven Foot instead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Case that a Man must never expect to go nearer Heav'n than some Steps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable; I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my Friend *Love-well*, (which I think impossible, being so great a Stranger in Town) Fortune, thou hast done thy worst; I proclaim open War against thee.

*I'll stab the next rich Darling that I see;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.*

[Goes to the back Part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making some Turns cross the Stage in Disorder, while the next speak. Exit Beggar.]

Enter Lucinda and Pindress.

Luc. Oh! these Summer Mornings are so delicately fine, *Pindress*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, these Summer Mornings are as pleasant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr. *Love-well*.

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his Share very soon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I shall soon lie under an Eclipse, *Pindress*.

Pind. Then it must be full Moon with your Ladyship. But why wou'd you chuse to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no Cause, but that People are aptest to run mad in hot Weather, unless you take a Woman's Reason.

Pin.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed strange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddest Dream last Night of my Courtier that is to be, Squire *Mockmode*. He appeared crowded about with a Dancing-Master, Pushing-Master, Musick-Master, and all the Throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery so awkwardly, that his Imitation was downright burlesquing it. I burst out a laughing so heartily, that I awaken'd myself.

Pin. But Dreams go by Contraries, Madam. Have not you seen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives Account that he's newly come to Town from the University, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, smoke Tobacco, and chop Logick—Faugh—it makes me sick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns join to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns shall never join to mine in the City: For since I have the Disposal of my own Fortune, *Loverwell's* the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money: for I've had above twenty Pieces from him since his Courtship began. He's the prettiest sober Gentleman; I have so strong an Opinion of his Modesty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your first Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer understands Business better than to beget any thing *non compos*—The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we must set out our false Colours. [*Put on their Masks.*]

Pin. We Masks are the purest Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruise about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread these blustering Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-side of Damme's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin.

Pin. In Truth, Madam, and the most of them are lawful Prize, for they generally have *French Ware* under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conscience, Girl, thou'rt quite spoil'd. An Actress upon the Stage would blush at such Expressions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyship wou'd seem to blush in the Box, when the Redness of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Constraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a stronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as strong as a hempen Cord with containing a violent Tihee at a smutty Jest in the last Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl! that impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Bus'ness. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miss'd us for Want of the Sign.—But whom have we here? An odd Figure, some Gentleman in Disguise, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I shou'd believe him in Disguise; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air shew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonstrate him a Wit. He may afford us some Sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of those dangerous Men of War you just now mention'd as can be; you had best send out your Pinnace before, to discover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him myself: [*Moves towards him.* What, Sir, dreaming?

[*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam.

[*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream standing?

Roeb. Yes, faith, Lady, very often, when my Sleep's haunted by such pretty Goblins as you. You are a Sort of Dream I would fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc.

Pin.

Luc. Are you then one of the wise Men of the East?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the West.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that?

Roeb. An *Irishman*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an *Irishman*! a mere Wolf-dog, I protest.

Roeb. Ben't surpriz'd, Child; the Wolf-dog is as well-natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bulldogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell ye.

[*Lays hold on her.*]

Luc. Pray, good *Cesar*, keep off your Paws; no scraping Acquaintance, for Heaven's Sake. Tell us some News of your Country; I have heard the strangest Stories,—that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, faith, a great many wear Horns; but we had that, among other laudable Fashions, from *London*. I think it came over with your Mode of wearing high Topknots; for ever since, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted-alike. They were both Fashions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Play-houses; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houses, and Bawdy-houses: In short, every Thing that you can boast of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beaus at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam, our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally stripped of their Feathers by the Play-house and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a Token of a Wit as the Laurel.

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Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain Sign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in Ireland, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unless *St. Patrick* sent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of Ireland. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But since I have described my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a Sight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to Particulars first. Pray, Sir, unmask, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmask, and shew who I am.

Roeb. You must dismiss your Attendant then, Madam; for the distinguishing Particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Mistress; and the greater the Secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whisper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a Hint, by which you may understand 'em——

[Pretends to whisper, and kisses her.]

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, since you're so good at minding Folks, have with you.

[Catches her fast, carrying her off.]

Luc. } Help! help! help!

Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady and defend thyself.

[Draws.]

Roeb. What! Knight Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely sent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.——

[Quits 'em, they go off.]

——Have at thee——*St. George* for *England*.

[They fight, after some Passes *Roebuck* starts

——My Friend *Lovewell*! back and pauses.

Love. My dear *Roebuck*!

[Fling down their Swords and embrace.]

Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your Ears; 'tis I, egad.

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F

Love.

Luc.

Love. Why, thy being in *London* is such a Mystery, that I must have the Evidence of more Senses than one to confirm me of its Truth. — But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why saith 'tis a Riddle: You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at yourself for not guessing it. — What is the universal Cause of the continued Evils of Mankind?

Love. The universal Cause of our continued Evils, is the Devil sure.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, *Ned* — That very Woman that drove us all out of *Paradise* has sent me a packing out of *Ireland*.

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit; that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned* — The Jade was so pregnant to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in Clusters; and my unconscionable Father, because I was a Rogue in debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wedding her: But I would not marry a Whore, and he wou'd not own a disobedient Son, and so —

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Phaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Mantua and High-head; but these are grown as little Signs of Gentility now-a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what Necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you — To shun th' insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often repeated Advice of impertinent Relations, the continual Clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill Bawling of an ill-natur'd Bastard — From all which, good Lord deliver me.

Love.

Love. And so you left them to grand Dadda!—
Ha, ha, ha!

Roeb. Heav'n was pleas'd to lessen my Affliction, by taking away the She-brat; but the other is, I hope, well, because a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Loveswell*; I made bold to make my Man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her Name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she?

Roeb. Dear *Loveswell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.—But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's virtuous;—and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joined as Lewdness and Ugliness.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Profelyte to this Profession?

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honour—Damn it for a Whim—Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whoremasters, we shou'd have Lewdness as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Virtue in Woman?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Their Passions are as great as ours, their Reason weaker. We admire them, and consequently they must us. And I tell the once more, That had Woman no Safe-guard but your innate Principle of Virtue, honest *George Roebuck* wou'd have lain with your Sister, *Ned*, and shou'd enjoy a Countess before Night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Sister.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Sister, *Ned*, to tempt me. As she was thy Sister, I had no Design upon her; but as she's a pretty Woman, I could scarcely forbear her, were she my own.

Love. But, upon serious Reflection, cou'd not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into

thy

thy Wife, than here by turning other Men's Wives in, to Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in London, and you must trade with them, for aught I see.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully!—a great many poor People live by't. Tho' the Husbands are for engrossing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought some small Stock to set up with.

Roeb. The Greatness of my Wants, which wou'd force me to discover 'em, makes me blush to own 'em. [*Aside.*] Why saith, Ned, I had a great Journey from Ireland hither, and wou'd burthen myself with no more than just necessary Charges.

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No saith. Exchange of Money from Dublin hither, is so unreasonable high, that—

Love. What!

Roeb. That—Zoons, I have not one Farthing—Now you understand me.

Love. No saith, I never understand one that comes *in forma pauperis*; I ha'n't study'd the Law so long for nothing.—But what Prospect can you propose of a Supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was just thanking my Stars for sending me a Throat to cut, and consequently a Purse. But my Knowledge of you prevented me of that Way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in Return to assist me by some better Means. You were once an honest Fellow; but so long Study in the Inns may alter a Man strangely, as you say.

Love. No, dear Roebuck, I am still a Friend to thy Virtues, and esteem thy Follies as Foils only to set them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are some Pieces, Share of what I have about me: Take them as Earnest of my farther Supply; you know my Estate is sufficient to maintain us both, if you will either restrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my Necessaries.

Roeb.

Roeb. Thy Profession of Kindness is so great, that I
 can't almost suspect it of Design. But come, Friend,
 I am heartily tired with the Fatigue of my Journey, be-
 sides a violent Fit of Sickness which detain'd me a
 Month at Coventry, to the Exhausting of my Health
 and Money. Let me only recruit by a Relish of the
 'Pown in Love and a Bottle, and then—Oh Hea-
 vens! and Earth!

[As they are going off, Roebuck starts back surpris'd.

Love. What's the matter, Man?

Roeb. Why, Death and the Devil! or, what's
 worse, a Woman and a Child—Oens! don't you see
 Mrs. Trudge with my Bastard in her Arms crossing the
 Field towards us?—Oh the indefatigable Whore, to
 follow me all the Way to London!

Love. Mrs. Trudge! my old Acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very same; your old Acquain-
 tance; and for aught I know, you might have clubb'd
 about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reasonable then I shou'd pay Share
 of the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the
 mean Time you had best retire.—*Brush,* conduct
 this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence
 to Widow Bulsfinch's, and provide a Lodging with her
 for a Friend of mine.—Fly, and come back
 presently.—[Exit Roeb. and Brush.]—So, my
 Friend comes to Town like the Great Turk to the
 Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and
 I'm afraid these are but Part of his Retinue.—But
 hold—I shan't be able to sustain the Shock of this
 Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till she has discharg'd
 her first Volley, then surprize her.

Enter Trudge, with a Child crying.

Hush, hush, hush—And indeed it was a young
 Traveller.—And what wou'd it say? It says that
 Daddy is a false Man, a cruel Man, an ungrateful
 Man.—In troth so he is, my dear Child.—
 What shall I do with it, poor Creature!—Hush,
 hush, hush—Was ever poor Woman in such a la-
 mentable Condition? Immediately after the Pains of

one Travail, to undergo the Fatigues of another! — But I'm sure he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curses, and the Misery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I shou'd know that Voice — [Moving forward.] What! Mrs. Trudge! and in London! whose brave Boy hast thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. Lovewell! I am very glad to see you — and yet am asham'd to see you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [Crying] and you know, Mr. Lovewell, that he's such a handsome Man, and has so many Ways of insinuating, that the Frailty of Woman's Nature could not resist him.

Love. What's all this? — A handsome Man! Ways of insinuating! Frailty of Nature! — I don't understand these ambiguous Terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. Lovewell! I am sure you have seen Mr. Roebuck, and I am sure 'twould be the first Thing he would tell you. I refer to you, Mr. Lovewell, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal so barbarously with any Woman that had us'd him so civilly. I was kinder to him than I wou'd have been to my own born Brother.

Love. O then I find Kissing goes by Favour, Mrs. Trudge.

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you Men are alike — Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were spit out of his Mouth. See, Mr. Lovewell, if he has not Mr. Roebuck's Nose to a Hair; and you know he has a very good Nose; and the little Pigmy his Mamma's Mouth, — Oh the little Lips! and 'tis the best natur'd little Dear — [Smuggles and kisses it.] — And wou'd it ask its Godfather's Blessing? — Indeed, Mr. Lovewell, I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Blessing. [Gives it Gold.

[As he gives her the Gold, enter Lucinda and Pindress, who seeing them stand, abscond. Come, Madam, I'll first settle you in a Lodging, and then

then find the false Man, as you call him. — [Exit Lovewell.]

Lucinda and Pindrels come forward.

Luc. The false Man is found already. — Was there ever such a lucky Discovery? — My Care for his Preservation brought me back, and now behold how my Kindness is return'd! — Their Fighting was a downright Trick to frighten me from the Place, thereby to afford him an Opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your Conjecture, Madam, bears a Colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talk very familiarly; so that they cou'd not be Strangers, as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true, as he is false. — What! slighted! despis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of the Sex! — But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the first that asks me the Question; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a senseless Fop: — Nay, tho' impotent, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh, Madam! that's to be reveng'd on yourself.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deserve Punishment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falshood. — And you deserve it too, Minx; your Persuasions drew me to this Affignation: I never lov'd the false Man.

Pin. That's false, I am sure. [Aside.]

Luc. But you thought to get another Piece of Gold. We shall have him giving you Money on the same Score, he was so liberal to his Whore just now.

[Walks about in a Passion.]

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendship — now for my Love. — I ha'n't transgressed much — Oh, there she is — Oh my Angel!

[Runs to her.]

Luc. Oh thou Devil!

[Starts back.]

Love. Not unless you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

[Exit, pushing Pindress.]

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be sworn. — Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules, now! By the Lord, these Women are like their Maidenheads, no sooner found than lost. — Here, *Brush*, run after *Pindress*, and know the Occasion of this. — *[Brush runs.]*

— Stay, come back. — Zoons, I'm a Fool.

Brush. That's the first wise Word you have spoken these two Months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jest, Sirrah, and I'll —

Brush. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right Earnest. 'Tis a less Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap-surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls but with me, because he can't fall in with his Mistress. I can bear it no longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you a mumbling?

Brush. A short Prayer before I depart, Sir. — I have been these three Years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant. *[Bows and going.]*

Love. Hold, you sha'n't leave me.

Brush. Sir, you can't be my Master.

Love. Why so?

Brush. Because you're not your own Master; yet one would think you might, for you have lost your Mistress. Oons! Sir, let her go, and a fair Riddance. Who throws away a Tester and a Mistress, loses Sixpence. That little pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he shot as many Darts as I have carry'd *Billet Deux*, he wou'd have laid her kicking with her Heels up ere now. In short, Sir, my Patience is worn to the Stumps with attending; my Shoes and Stockings are upon their last Legs with trudging between you. I have sweat out all my Moisture of my Hand with palming your clammy Letters upon her. I have —

Love. Hold, Sir, your Trouble is now at an End, for I design to marry her.

Brush. And have you courted her these three Years for nothing but a Wife!

Love.

Love. Do you think, Rascal, I wou'd have taken so much Pains to make her a Miss?

Brush. No, Sir, the tenth Part on't wou'd ha'done. — But if you are resolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the Matter now, Sirrah?

Brush. Why, the Matter will be, that I must then pimp for her. — Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this While, but teaching her the Way to cuckold ye? — Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a ticklish Point to manage. — Can you tell, Sir, what's her Quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Brush. That's it, Sir. She resolves to put your Easiness to the Test now, that she may with more Security rely upon't hereafter. — Always suspect those Women of Designs that are for searching into the Humours of their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How canst thou such an Engineer in Love?

Brush. I have sprung some Mines in my Time, Sir; and since I have trudge'd so long about your amorous Messages, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet, than some Blockheads in their whole Body.

Love. Sirrah, have you ever discover'd any Behaviour in this Lady, to occasion this suspicious Discourse?

Brush. Sir, has this Lady ever discover'd any Behaviour of yours to occasion this suspicious Quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Virtue (as the Gentleman said) as any Woman. But that Baggage, her Attendant, is about ravishing her Lady's Page every Hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Master, like Man*; why not as well, *Like Mistress, like Maid*?

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam Lucinda. Besides, so fair an Opportunity offers; that Fate seem'd to design it. — Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Brush. Yes, Sir, and sent a Porter to his Inn to bring his Things thither.

Love. That's right. — Love, like other Diseases, must sometimes have a desperate Cure. The School of *Venus* imposes the strict Discipline; and awful *Cupid* is a chastening God: He whips severely.

Brush. Not if we kiss the Rod. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the first Act.



ACT II.

SCENE, *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck dress'd, and Brush.

Love. **O** My Conscience, the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the constant Effects of debauching a Woman are, that she infallibly loves the Man for doing the Business, and he certainly hates her. — But what Company is she like to have at this same Widow's, *Brush*?

Brush. Oh the best of Company, Sir, a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worst Company, for they're ill-natur'd.

Brush. Ah, Sir, but it does no Body any Harm; for these Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their Words. They must be good-natur'd, 'spight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis said he pays his Lodging by cracking some smutty Jest's with his Landlady over night; for she's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. [*While Roeb. and Brush talk, Lovewell seems to project something by himself.*]

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Brush.

Brush. One newly enter'd, a young Squire, just come from the University.

Roeb. A mere Peripatetick. I warrant him. —
A very pretty Family; a Heathen Philosopher, an English Poet, and an Irish Whore. Had the Landlady but an Highland Piper to join with 'em, she might set up for a Collection of Monsters. — Any body within? [Slaps Lovewell on the Shoulder.

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were employ'd about you. In short, I have one Request to make, That you would renounce your loose wild Courses, and lead a sober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You shall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquish your precise sober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman, as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' shou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themselves, for want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worse than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the French in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated; to prevent the Inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Mistress.

Roeb. An honourable Mistress; what's that?

Love. A virtuous Lady, whom you must love and court; the surest Method of reclaiming you. —

As thus: — Those superfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out —

Roeb. To the poor

Love. No, no: In Sweet Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. Those idle Hours, which you mispend with lewd sophisticated Wenches, must be dedicated —

Roeb. To the Church?

Love. No; to the innocent and charming Conversation of your virtuous Mistress; by which means, the two most exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring, will be retrench'd.

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I must first despise the honest jolly Conversation at the Tavern, for the foppish, affected, dull, insipid Entertainment at the Chocolate-house; must quit my Freedom with ingenious Company, to harness myself to Foppery among the fluttering Crowd of *Cupid's* Livery-boys.

—— The second Article is, That I must resign the Company of lewd Women for that of my innocent Mistress; that is, I must change my easy natural Sin of Wenching, to that constrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing. —— The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Sister, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Love. Oh *Roebuck*! your Reason will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have lost my Reason: Come, come, a Wench, a Wench, a soft, white, easy, consenting Creature! —— *Prithee, Ned,* leave Multi-ness, and shew me the Varieties of the Town.

Love. A Wench is the least Variety —— Look out —— See what a numerous Train trip along the Street there. —— [Pointing outwards.]

Roeb. Oh *Venus*! all these fine stately Creatures! Fare you well, *Ned*. ——

[Runs out; *Lovewell* catches him, and pulls him back.] *Prithee* let me go; 'tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite starv'd. I'll just take a snap, and be with you in the twinkling —— As you're my Friend —— I must go.

Love. Then we must break for all together. —— [Quits him.] —— He, that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendship as in Love.

Roeb. If you saw how ill that serious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Masquerade but Gravity.

Love. Tho' Lewdness suits much worse with your Circumstances, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, these Circumstances! Damn these Circumstances. — There he has hamstring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man sneak! — Well, prithee let's know this devilish virtuous Lady. By the Circumstances of my Body, I shall soon be off or on with her.

Love. Know then, for thy utter Condemnation, that she's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Virtuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good — Beautiful! Better — Witty! Best of all. — Now with these three Qualifications, if she be nicely virtuous, then I'll henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petticoat — Witty and Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha! Why, 'tis as inconsistent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit should be my Bawd. — Come, come, the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right. — But there was a cunninger Devil than you to tempt. — I'll assure you, George, your Rhetorick wou'd fail you here; the wou'd worst you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in England, if she be Eighteen, as you say.

Love. Have a care, Friend, this Satyr will get you torn in Pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus's* Fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a Blockhead, and deserv'd his Fate.

Love. Why?

Roeb. Because he went to Hell for a Wife.

Love. This happens right — [*Aside*] — But you shall go to Heav'n for a Mistress, you shall court this Divine Creature — I don't desire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you should marry her neither. But you must be convinc'd of the Chastity of the Sex; tho' if you should conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the Pains in attaining.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumstances, my Circumstances.——

Love. Come, you shan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Stew of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend, thou art the bravest Pimp I ever heard of——Well, give me Directions to sail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Love. You need no Directions as to the manner of Courtship.

Roeb. No, I have seen some few Principles, on which my Courtship's founded. which seldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my Modesty, but to depend myself altogether upon my Impudence; to use a Mistress like a Deity in publick, but like a Woman in private: To be as cautious then of asking an impertinent Question, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member that can't hurt a Lady's Honour, though touch'd to the tenderest Part.

Love. Oh! but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your Success.

Roeb. No, not to her very self; it must be as private as Devotion——No babbling, unless a squawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales——But where lies my Course?

Love. *Brus* shall shew you the House; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; she's Heiress to Twelve Hundred a Year: But above all, observe this; She has a Page, which you must get on your side: 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I presented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Countryman too; he brought me a Letter from my Sister, which I have about me.——Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her Hand; I know it well; and I almost blush to see it. [Aside.]

[Reads.]

[Reads.]

Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me, as her last Request, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page: I hope I have obey'd my Friend's last Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by sending him to you. Pray dispose of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Sister, Leante.

[While he reads, Lovewell talks to Brush, and gives him some Directions seemingly.]

All Friends are well: Is that all? Not a word of poor Roebuck—I wonder she mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But she has forgot me already. True Woman still—Well, I may excuse her, for I am making all the Haste I can to forget her.

Lov. Be sure you have an Eye upon him, and come to me presently at Widow Bulfinch's—

[To Brush.]—Well, George, you won't communicate your Success? [Aside.]

Roeb. You may guess what you please—I'm as merry after a Mistress as after a Bottle.—All Air; brim full of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, smiling and sparkling.

Lov. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no, nor shall I drink to any Body.—

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE changes to a Dining-room in Widow Bulfinch's House, a Flute, Musick book upon the Table; Case of Toys hanging up.—

Enter Rigadoon the Dancing-Master, leading in Mockmode by both hands; as teaching him the Minuet; he sings; and Mockmode dances awkwardly; Club follows.

Rig. Tal—dal—deral—One—Two—
Tal—dal—dal—deral—Coupe—Tal—dal—deral

deral—Very well—dal—deral—Wrong—
 Tal—dal—deral—Toes out—Tal—dal—
 deral—Observe Time:—Very well indeed,
 Sir; you shall dance as well as any Man in *England*;
 you have an excellent Disposition in your Limbs,
 Sir.—Observe me, Sir.

[*Here the Master dances a new Minuet; and at every
 Cut Club makes an aukward Imitation by leaping up.*]
 And so forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we shall disturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! You must have a care of that;
 she'll never pardon you.—Landlady! Every Wo-
 man, from a Countess to a Kitchen-wench, is *Ma-*
dam; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey,
 Sir.

Mock. Must I then lose my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire
Mockmode?

Rig. By all means, Sir, 'Squire and Fool are the
 same thing here.

Mock. That's very comical, faith——But is there
 an Act of Parliament for that, *Mr. Rigadoon*?——
 Well, since I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well; I
 have a great Estate, and want only to be a great
 Beau to qualify me either for a Knight or a Lord. By
 the Universe, I have a great Mind to bind myself
 'Prentice to a Beau——Cou'd I but dance well,
 puff well, play upon the Flute, and swear the most
 modish Oaths, I wou'd set up for Quality with e'er a
 young Nobleman of 'em all——Pray what are
 the most fashionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take
 it, is a very becoming one.

Rig. *Zoons* is only us'd by the disbanded Officers
 and Bullies: But *Zauns* is the *Beaux* Pronunciation.

Mock. *Zauns*.

Club. *Zauns*.

Rig. Yes, Sir, we swear as we dance; smooth,
 and with a Cadence.—*Zauns*! 'Tis harmonious,
 and pleases the Ladies, because 'tis soft.—*Zauns*,
Madam——is the only Compliment our great
Beaux pass on a Lady.

Mock.

Mock. But suppose a Lady speaks to me, what must I say?

Rig. Nothing, Sir—you must take Snuff, grin, and make her an humble Gringe—Thus—

[He bows Feppishly, and takes Snuff; Mockmode imitates him awkwardly, and taking Snuff, sneezes.]

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you must never sneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangerie*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snuff-box; and I heard a Physician swear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Divisions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangerie*, *Bouquet*, and *Plain Spanish*.

Mock. Zauns, I must sneeze—[Sneezes.]—Bless me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode*! What a rustical Expression that is!—Bless me!—You shou'd upon all such Occasions cry, Dem me. You would be as nauseous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obsolete Expression.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modish in this Town.—Pray, Master Dancing-master, what Religion may these Beaux be of?

Rig. A sort of *Indians* in their Religion, they worship the first thing they see in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glass; and some of 'em such Hellish Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worship the Devil.

Rig. Then you shall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you must be sure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Musick very convenient too?—I can play the *Bells* and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire*, *Besabemi*, *Casolfa*, *Delafoli*, *Ela*, *Effant*, *Gesolrent*. I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of these Notes; and

and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unless he understands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's easy. *Effaut* and *Gisolf-reut* were two famous German Musicians, and the rest were *Italians*.

Mock. But why are they only seven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Bass-Viol with seven Strings, that play'd a Jig, call'd the *Musick of the Spheres*: The seven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-strings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-Master?

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-Master; he shews the Creation to be a Country Dance, where, after some Antick Changes, all the Parts fell into their Places, and there they stand ready, till the next Squeak of a Philosopher's Fiddle sets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Pushing-Master.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you must have a care of pushing, 'twill spoil the Niceness of your Steps. Learn a Flourish or two; and that's all a Beau can have Occasion for.

Enter Nimblewrist.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewrist*! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe.

Nimb. That was a home Thrust. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foil.*]—I'll assure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordsman; you're as well shap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is just of your Make; he pushes the finest of any Man in *France*.——Sa, sa——like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But, I think, Backsword is the best Play.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir!——Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I understand the Geography of

of it. — *France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine*. —

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with *Quart*, on the South with *Tierce*, and so forth. 'Tis a noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profess'd this noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I serv'd an Apprenticeship to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What, are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into theirs, because we make so much Work for 'em. — But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profess'd this Science till the Wars broke out; but then, when every body got Commissions, I put in for one, serv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; so, among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I live still by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *English* Courage, *French* Honour, and *Spanish* Blades among us, I shall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir—Sa, fa, fa, fa, Parry, parry, parry. —

[*He pushes Mockmode on the Ribs; he strikes Nimb. blewrist over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*]

Club. What's the Name of that Thrust, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! he did not touch me, not in the least, Sir, the Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack. [Blood runs down his Face.]

Club. A very palpable Crack, truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you please to teach me my Honours. — My Dancing-master has forbid me any more, lest I should discompose my Steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-master is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and so —

Mock. Oh Sir! he calls you Blockhead, by the Universe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir — [Foppishly.]

Nimb. Zoons, Sir — [Bluffishly.]

Rig. I have more Wit in the sole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir, you Caperers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry such empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Understandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect *Antipodes* to other Men's.

Rig. And what are you, good Monsieur, fa, fa? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greatest falsifier in his Art; he'll fill your Head so full of *French Principles of Honour*, that you won't have one of *Honesty* left. His Breast-plate there he calls the Butt of Honour; at which all the Fools in the Kingdom shoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never shot in his Bow, Sir. — You Dancers are the Battledoors of the Nation, that toss the light foppish Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get yourselves in heat. — Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*; this Fellow will make a mere Grasshopper of you. — Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdness; and the Devil and a Dancing-master, dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! What then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you matth 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chastity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We shall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinnings in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who must be hang'd for you. — Which is best, Mr. *Nimbler*, an easy Minuet, or a Tyburn Jigg?

Nimb.

Love and a Bottle. 33

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, lest that Art you so revile shou'd revenge itself; for every one of you that live by Dancing, shou'd die by Pushing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Pushing, shou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir; — Tal — dal — deral —
[Dances.] — This takes the Ladies, Mr. Mockmode; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Pop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs pliantly, does the Business. If you want a Fortune, come to me — Tal — dal — deral —

[Dances.
Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir, — sa, sa, — does your Business soonest with a Woman: A clean and manly Extension of all your Parts — Ha — Carrying a true Point is the Matter. — Sa, sa, sa, sa, — Defend yourself. [*Pushing at Rigadoon, who dances and sings, retiring off the Stage.*

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. O Goodness! What a Room's here! Could not Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up? And here's such a tripping and such a stamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-masters have been the Downfal of many Houses. Get out of my Doors; my House was never in such a Pickle. — You Country Gentleman, newly come to London, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, must be shaking the Water off, and bespatter every Body about you. —

[*Mockmode having taken Snuff, offering to sneeze, sneezes in her Face.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam, [*Sneezes.*] — Bless me! — Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. These cursed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, sa, — Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Pushing and Dancing Days are done: But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you——Ah, my poor *Robin*! He dy'd of an Apoplexy: He was as pretty a young Man as ever step'd into a black Leather Shoe: He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel——But I am sure he might have recover'd but for the Physicians——Oh these Doctors, these Doctors!

Mock. Bless the Doctors, I say; for I believe they kill'd my honest old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true: If my *Robin* had left me an Estate, I shou'd have said so too.—— [Cries.

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you must not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll assure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's most modish for Beverage? For, I suppose, the Fashion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the best Judges of that——Champaigne, I suppose.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker——I think they call my Wig a Champaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh, by the Universe, I must be witty. I'll drink nothing else, I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly.——Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it; the witty Liquor.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the University shou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam, there's no such thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your solid Philosophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Universe. I must get acquainted

ed with the great Poets, Landlady, you must introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir; wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! No Widow dare be seen with a Poet, for Fear she shou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! What's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country: I hope they don't fleece the Wits.

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces; there's a great Cry, but little Wool. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance to introduce you; 'tis one *Loverwell*, a fine Gentleman that comes here sometimes.

Mock. *Loverwell*! By the Universe, my Rival: I heard of him in the Country: This puts me in mind of my Mistress——Zauns, I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was so in Love with myself, I quite forgot her.——I have a Note in my Pocket-book to find her out by.——

[Pulls out a large Pocket-book; turning over the Leaves, reads to himself.

Six-pence for washing——Two-pence to the Maid.——Six-pence for Snuff——One Shilling for Butter'd Ale.——By the Universe, I have lost the Directions.——Hark ye, Madam, does this same *Loverwell* come often here, say you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often——There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House just now.

Mock. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House just now; of his Acquaintance, do you say?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you say. By the Universe! shou'd I happen to lodge in the same House with my Mistress: I gad, it must be the same. Can you tell the Woman's Name?——Stay——Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe she's a Widow, for she has a young Son, and I'm sure 'tis legi-

legitimately begotten; for it is the bravest Child you shall see in a Summer's Day; 'tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th' Town here, born with the Diseases of half a Dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Universe, I don't remember whether my Mistress is Maid or Widow: But if a Widow, so much the better; for all your *London* Widows are devilish rich, they say. She came in a Coach, did she not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly she. ——— Does she not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not stir'd abroad since she came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told she was very reserv'd, tho' 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother say, that sitting at home and Silence were very becoming in a Maid; and she has often chid my Sister *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Hay-makers. I gad, I'm the most lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh, but this Lady, Sir——

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to speak with you instantly.

Bull. With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a Minute.

[Exit with Servant.]

Enter Club with Wine and Glasses.

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glasses. Now that I have found my Mistress, I must next find my Wits.

Club. So you had need, Master; for they that find a Mistress, are generally out of their Wits.——

[Gives him a Glass.]

Mock. Come, fill yourself. *[They jingle and drink.]* But where's the Wit now, *Club*? Have you found it?

Club. I gad, Master, I think 'tis a very good Jest.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why drinking. You'll find, Master, that this same Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this

same

same Will *th' Whisp*, is a Wit at the Bottom. [*Fills.*

Here, here, Master; how it puns and quibbles in the Glass!

Mock. By the Universe, now I have it; the Wit lies in the Jingling: All Wit consists most in jingling. Hear how the Glasses rhyme to one another.

Club. What, Master, are these Wits so apt to clasp?
[*Jingles the Glasses.*

Mock. Oh by the Universe, by the Universe, this is Wit. [*Breaks 'em.*] My Landlady is in the right. I have often heard there was Wit in breaking Glasses. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now.

Club. I find then that this same Wit is very brittle Ware.—But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to spill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jest, Sirrah; all Wit consists in losing; there was never any Thing got by't. I fancy this same Wine is all sold at *Will's* Coffee-house. Do you know the Way thither, Sirrah? I long to see Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tayrbime*, with the rest of 'em. I wonder how they look! Certainly these Poets must have something extraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities in the Town, I long to see nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam*.—Come in, *Club*; I must go practise my Honours—Tal—dal—deral—
[*Exit dancing, and Club rapping.*

Enter Lovewell and Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell*! you come just in the Nick; I was ready to spoil all, by telling him she was a Stranger, and just now come.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; 'tis the most fortunate Chance that ever befel me. 'Twere convenient we had the other Lodgers of our Side.

Bull. There's no Body but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had as safely tell a Secret over a Groaning-Cheese, as to him.

Love. How so?

G

Bull.

Bull. Why, you must know, that he has been lying in these four Months of a Play; and he has got all the Muses about him; a Parcel of the most tattling Goths.

Love. Come, come; no more Words; but to our Business. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good Hopes of its succeeding?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's Side. But I'm afraid your Widow will never play her Part, she's so awkward, and so sullen.

Love. Go you, and instruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one Roebuck. Prithce, who is this same Roebuck?—Ah Mr. Lovewell, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is something else at the Bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well.

[Exit.

Enter Brush.

Love. So, Sirrah! where have you left the Gentleman?

Brush. In a Friend's House, Sir.

Love. What Friend?

Brush. Why, a Tavern.

Love. What took him there?

Brush. A Coach, Sir.

Love. How d'ye mean?

Brush. A Coach and Six, Sir; no less, I'll assure you, Sir.

Love. A Coach and Six!

Brush. Yes, Sir, six Whores and a carted Bawd: He pick'd 'em all up in the Street, and is gone with this splendid Retinue into the Sun by Covent-Garden. I ask'd him what he meant? He told me, that he only wanted to whet, when the very Sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Love. The Fellow will have his Swing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of Mockmode; call himself Mockmode upon all Occasions; and tell him that he shall find me here about Four in the Afternoon—Ask no Questions, but fly

fly. — So: — It is usurping that Name gives him a Title to court Lucinda; by which I shall discover her Inclination to [Exit Bruff.] this Mockmode, whose coming to Town has certainly occasion'd her Quarrel with me; while I see the Hound himself upon a wrong Scent, and then to one provide for Mistress Leudge by the Bargain. 'Tis said one can't be a Friend and a Lover.

But opposite to that, this Plot shall prove,

I'll serve my Friend by what assists my Love. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III.

SCENE, Lucinda's House.

Enter Leathe sola, dress'd like a Page.

MEthinks this Livery suits ill my Birth; but Slave to Love, I must not disobey; his Service is the hardest Vassalage, forcing the Powers divine to lay their Godships down to be more Gods, more happy here below. — Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, disguis'd myself so much, I hardly know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindest; to follow one, perhaps, who loves me not, tho' every Breath of his soft Words was Passion, and every Accent Love, Oh Roebuck! [Weeps.]

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-Boy, that must light me the Way. — How now, pretty Boy; has your Lady beaten you? ha! — This Lady must be a Venus, for she has got a Cupid in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy — [Leathe starts, and stares at him.] but a very comical Boy — What the Devil does he stare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns; is the Object real, or are my Eyes false? Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leantebe*? I'm afraid he's not the same; and too sure I'm not myself—— [Weeps.]

Roeb. What Offence could such pretty Innocence commit, to deserve a Punishment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir! a wondrous Offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you should have a Care of sharp Things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me so deep, that the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy! here's a Plaister for your sore Finger—— [Gives him Gold.]

Lean. Sir, you had best keep it for a sore Finger.

[Returns it.]

Roeb. O' my Conscience the Boy's witty, but not very wise in returning Gold——Come, come, you shall take it. [Forces it upon him and kisses him.]

Lean. That's the fitter Cure for my sore Finger.—The same dear Lips still. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true! [Aside.]

Roeb. By Heav'ns, this Boy has the softest Pair of Lips I ever tasted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiss'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I shou'd suspect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I must kiss him again——Come, you shall take the Money. [Kisses.]

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery!——But what must I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You must get a little Mistress, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Mistress already; and they say, no Man can serve two Masters, much less two Mistresses. How many Mistresses have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh! I gad the Boy has pos'd me——How many, Child? Why, let me see.—There was Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. Lucy, Mrs. Susan, Mrs. Judy,

dy, and so forth; to the Number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all?

Roeb. Yes, desperately.——I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of them: I have sworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy, learn betimes, Youth; young Plants should be water'd. Your Smock-Face was made for a Chamber-Utensil.

Lean. And did not one escape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did;——the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous Grudge still; something between Love and Spight.——I cou'd kill her with Kindness.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be so hard-hearted sure: Her honourable Passion, I think, shou'd please you best.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old Bombast of Love and Honour: But when you come to my Years, you'll understand better Things.

Lean. And must I be a false treacherous Villain, when I come to your Years, Sir? Is Falshood and Perjury essential to the perfect State of Manhood?

Roeb. Pshaw. Children and old Men always talk thus foolishly.——You understand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no Service in the World so educating to a Boy as a Lady's.——By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull off your Lady's Shoes and Stockings? Do you never reach her the——Pin-cushion? Do you never sit on her Bed-side, and sing to her? Ha!——Come tell me, that's my good Boy.—— [Makes much of him.]

Lean. Yes, I do sing her asleep sometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No; but I constantly wake myself; my Rest's always disturbed by Visions of the Devil.

Reeb. Who would imagine now, that this young Shaver could dream of a Woman so soon? — But what Songs does your Lady delight in most? —
Lean. Passionate ones, Sir; I'll sing you one of 'em, if you'll stay.

Reeb. With all my Heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of shewing his Parts. — Come, begin.

A S O N G : Set by Mr. Richardson.

How blessed are Lovers in Disguise!

Like Gods they see,

As I do thee,

Unseen by human Eyes.

Expos'd to View,

Not bid from you,

I'm alter'd, yet the same

The Dark conceals me;

Love reveals me;

Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were you not false, you me would know;

For tho' your Eyes

Could not deceive,

Your Heart had told you so.

Your Heart wou'd beat

With eager Heat,

And me by Sympathy wou'd find:

True Love might see

One chang'd like me,

False Love is only blind.

Reeb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape! —

[Kisses her.] I cou'd with myself a Female for thy sake.

Lean.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my Sake.

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I would

Lean. What would you? marry me? would you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that, you shou'd not have my Hand, but all my Body at once.——But to our Business: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What Business have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. Low-
well.

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World,——but his Sister.

Roeb. His Sister!——Ha, that gives me a Twinge for my Sin.——Pray, Mr. Page, was *Lean* well when you left her?

Lean. Yes, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the Departure of a dear Friend of her's to another World.

Roeb. O that was the Person mention'd in her Letter, whose Departure occasion'd your Departure for England.

Lean. That was the Occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir:——Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the Loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature!——But I still find there was not a Word of me.——Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your Business is from Mr. Lowwell, I suppose, Sir.

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go.

Roeb. I've throwa my Cast, and am fairly in for't: But a'n't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brals in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Virtue of good Fortune and Quality; I am a rakehelly Rascal,

not worth a Groat; and without any farther Ceremony, am going to debauch her.—— But hold;— She does not know that I'm this rakehelly Rascal; and I know that she's a Woman, one of Eighteen too; beautiful, witty.—— O' my Conscience, upon second Thoughts, I am not so very impudent neither.—— Now as to my Management, I'll first try the whining Addressee, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir?

Rosb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luscious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will soon fall, if one will shake the Tree. *[Aside.]*

Luc. Have you any Business with me, Sir?

[Comes nearer.]

Rosb. Yes, Madam, the Business of Mankind; to adore you—My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulse of my Heart, animates me with a fresh Passion—— Wonder not, Madam, at the Power of your Eyes, whose pointed Darts have struck on a young and tender Heart, which they easily pierced, and which, unaccustomed to such Wounds, finds the Smart more painful.

[Lean. peeps.] Oh Traitor! Just such Words he spake to me.

Luc. Hey-day; I was never so attack'd in all my Life. In Love with me, Sir! Did you ever see me before?

Rosb. Never, by *Jove*—— *[Aside.]* Oh, ten thousand Times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my View, either asleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, sitting or standing; alone, or in Company, my Fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you—— Now have I told about fifteen Lyes in a Breath. *[Aside.]*

Luc. I suppose, Sir, you are some conceited young Scribbler, who has got the Benefits of a first Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting.

Rosb.

Roeb. But why a Scribbler, Madam? Are my Cloaths so coarse, as if they were spun by those lazy Spinners the Muses? Does the Parting of my Fore-top shew so thin, as if it resembled the two wither'd Tops of Parnassus? Do you see any Thing peculiarly whimsical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance strain'd, as if my Head were distorted by a Strangury of thought? Is there any Thing proudly, solemnly, or affectedly careless in my Dress? Do my Hands look like Paper-moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam, and I know no better Way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence. — [Offers to kiss her Hand.

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verses upon that, Sir.

[Exit him on the Left, and Enter Leante entering.

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one. — [Springing.] It has made my Jolls rhyme in my Head. — This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx must be calling his Profession in his Teeth. — What! Gone!

Lean. Ay, she knows that making Verses requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg Leave to dedicate something. — If ever I make Love like a Poetical Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for Fear he lampoon me. — Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read?

[Catches her and kisses her three or four Times.

Lean. Oh, Heaven! I can never bear it. I must devise some Means to part 'em.

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the Occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Reeb. By the Lord, she was angry only because I did not make the first Offer to her Lips. [*Aside.*]—Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc. Yes, and therefore both Parties should draw out of the Field. [*Going.*]

Reeb. Not till we make Reprimals. I make Peace with Sword in Hand, Madam, and till you return my Heart, which you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will not put up. And so, Madam, I proclaim open War again. [*Catuber her.*]

Enter Leathe.

Leath. Oh, Madam! Your poor little Crab, your Lap-dog, has got his Head between two of the Window-bars, and is like to be strangl'd.

[*The Dog breaks behind the Scenes.*]

Luc. Oh Lord, my poor Crabby! I must run to the Rescue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you instantly.—Come, come, Page.—Poor Crabby!

[*Exit with Leathe.*]

Reeb. Oh the Devil choke Crabby!—Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than the Tongue.—Had Buss been the first Word of my Courtship, I might have gain'd the Out-Works by this. Impudence in Love, is like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances, because Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leathe.

Leath. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon; there's something extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as she promis'd.

Reeb. What, has Monsieur Crabby rubb'd some of the Hairs off his Neck? has he disorder'd his pretty Ears? She won't come again then?

Leath. No, Sir, you must excuse her.

Reeb. Then I'll go and be drunk.—Hark'e, Sirrah; I have half a Dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the Sun; you shall along with me and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of Venus, Child. 'Tis Time you had lost your Maidenhead, you're too old for Play-things.

Leath.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he shou'd stay than go there. [*Aside.*] But why will you keep such Company, Sir?

Rob. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewell.

*Men of ripe Understanding shou'd always helpe
What Babes only practise, and Dotards advise.*
[*Exit singing.*]

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfined as AIR—
Yet I may reclaim him. His Pollicies are weakly found-
ed, upon the Principles of Honour, where the very
Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How
charming wou'd Virtue look in him, whose Behaviour
can add a Grace to the Unfeminine of Vice!

[*Enter Lucinda.*]

Luc. What is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was instantly taken ill
with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to
hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of those con-
ceited Fools that think no Female can resist their
Temptations. Bloudheads, that imagine all will
consist in blaspheming Heaven and Women. I'll
feed his Vanity, but starve his Love.

*And may all Conscience men no longer Prate
Who doubt our Sex's Virtue, or dare praise our Modesty.*
[*Exit.*]

SCENE *Lyrick's Chamber in Widow Bullench's
House; Papers scatter'd about the Table, himself sit-
ting writing in a Night-Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written
[*rising.*] I gad I shall make these topping Fellows.
Says Mr. Lyr,

*Let there be not one Glimpse, one flarry Spark,
But Gods may Gods, and jostle in the Dark.*

Says little *Lyrick*,

*Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blindman's-buff.*

Very well!

Let Gods meet Gods, and so—fall out and cuff.

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever were penn'd. Oh! Here comes my damn'd Muse; I am always in the Humour of writing Elegy after a little of her Inspiration.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two Years in my House, promis'd me Eighteen-pence a Week for your Lodging, and I have ne'er receiv'd eighteen Farthings; not the Value of that. Mr. *Lyrick*. [*Snap with her Fingers.*] You always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play——Sir, you shall play no more with me. I'm in earnest.

Lyr. This living on Love is the dearest Lodging—
A Man's eternally damn'd, tho' perhaps he has less of one ready Coin than t'other.——There's more Trouble in a Play than you imagine, Madam.

Bull. There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. First, there's the Decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never observe; for you keep the worst Hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the Exactness of Characters.——

Bull. And you have the most scandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are Preparations of Incidents, working the Passions, Beauty of Expression, Closeness of Plot, Justness of Place, Turn of Language, opening the Catastrophe.——

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Love and a Bottle.

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my House, eat my Meat, destroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture. — I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue so ridden? If ever the Muses had a Horse, I am he. — Faith, Madam, poor *Pegasus* is jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he sha'n't slip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I must have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookseller is to bring me some twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine presently, which I hope will free me from your Spleen.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick*? Pray what d'ye mean? I'll assure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muses spinning. — Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have spun me so fine, that you have almost crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-shanks.

Bull. Why sure — Where was your *Ibalia*, and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor would have stripped you of your Silk Waistcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Would all your Golden Verses have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ransom me, but bought me as a Slave; so, Madam, I'll purchase my Freedom as soon as possible. Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Course, Sir — There were a couple of Gentlemen just now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they sha'n't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promise you that, Sir.

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookseller does not bring me Money. —

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam.

Pam. Yes, Sir; and there are some things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lynck*. But I don't think 'em for my Purpose. — Poetry is a mere Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that because I take Physick when I write? — Damn this cōsive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [Aside.]

Pam. No, Sir, but your Name does not recommend 'em. One must write himself into a Consumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the Way to lie abed when his Name's up. Now I lie abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why so, Sir?

Lyr. Because I have scarcely any Cloaths to put on — Never Man did Penance in a white Sheet —

Pam. You stand only sometimes in a white Sheet for your Offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muse cou'd take such Rights, yoa'd to such a Cart-Load as she is.

Lyr. Oh! they are like the *high* Horses, they draw best by the Tail — Have you ever seen any of my Burlesque, Mr. Pamphlet? I have a Project of turning three or four of our most topping Fellows in Doggerel. As for Example; — [Reads.]

*Conquest with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.
Now, Butchers with Rosemary baste our Beef adorn'd,
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.*

How d'ye like it, Mr. Pamphlet, ha? — Well —

*Like Gods, we pass the rugged Alpine Hills;
Melted our way, and drove our hissing Wheels;
Thro' cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.*

Now observe, Mr. Pamphlet; pray observe.

*Like Razors keen, our Knives cut Passage clean
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.*

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.

Lyr. That's a dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd.

Pam.

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how pally that comes in for the Beef, Mr. Lynck! 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.

Lyr. This is the most ingenious Fellow of his Trade that I have seen; he understands a good thing.—

[*Aside.*]—But as to our Business—What are you willing to give for these Poems? Prithce say something. There are about three thousand Lines. Here, take 'em for a couple of Guineas.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is so excessive dear, that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, because you're a Friend, I'll bestow 'em upon you.—Here, take 'em all.—There's the Hopes of a Dedication still.

Pam. I give you a thousand Thanks, Sir; but I dare not venture the Hazard; they'll never quit Cost, indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greatest Blockheads that ever was a Member of a Corporation.—How shall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below desire to have the Honour of kissing your Hand.

Lyr. They must be Knaves or Fools by their fulsome Compliment. Hark ye—[*Whispers the Boy.*—] Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. Pamphlet, by no means! We must drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toast. There are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publish'd; they'll be good Customers.—Come, sit down.—You have not seen my Play yet.—Here take the Pen, and if you see any thing amiss, correct it: I'll go bring 'em up.—Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I shall take cold going down Stairs.

[*He takes Pamphlet's Hat and Wig, and puts in Cap on Pamphlet's Head.*]

Pam.

Pam. [*Solus.*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the Outside, and the Lining Fustian——[*Reading.*]—— This is all Stuff, worse than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1st Bail. You're the King's Prisoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. *Lyrick*. But pray don't interrupt me. I'm in the best Scene.—— I gad the Drama is very well laid.

2d Bail. Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. *Lyrick*, don't disturb me.——

And furious Lightning brandish'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1st Bail. Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us?

[Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.]

Pam. Gentlemen——I beg your Pardon. How d'ye like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occasion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furnish you as well as any Man about *Paul's*. Where's Mr. *Lyrick*?

1st Bail. These Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arresting one of you Wits. All your Evasions won't do; we understand Trap, Sir; you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Person! I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me! I'm a Bookseller, no Poet.

2d Bail. Ah, Sir, we know what you are by your Fool's Cap there.

1st Bail. Yes one of you Wits wou'd have pass'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yesterday; and was so like one, we had almost believ'd him. [*Hauls him.*]

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1st Bail. No, no, Mr. *Lyrick* shall go down Stairs. He wou'd have us wait till some Friends come in to

rescue

rescue him. Ah! These Wits are devilish cunning.

[Exeunt, hauling Pamphlet.]

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, and Club; Lyrick dress'd.

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha! Very poetical, Faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. Mockmode, a Bookseller bound in Calves Leather.——Ha, ha, ha!——How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *English Rogue* squeez'd together on a Shelf.

Mock. What was it? what was it, Mr. Lyrick?

Lyr. Why, I am a Statesman, Sir.——I can't but laugh, to think how they'll sponge the Sheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for false Imprisonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the Matter, Mr. Lyrick?

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a sharking Bookseller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He would have put me off, so I sent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arrested him.

Mock. Oh Lord! Mr. Lyrick, Honesty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed!——Mr. Lyrick, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accomplishment. I have got a Mistress, a Dancing and Fencing Master; and now I want only a Friend to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honest Fellow; our Friendship commenc'd in the College Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game of Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye lost by the Set.——[Aside.] But my short Acquaintance can't recommend me to such a Trust.

Mock. Pshaw, Acquaintance!——You must be a Man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what use would you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second.——Now, Sir, a Wit must be best to keep a Secret, because what you say to one's Prejudice will
be

be thought Malice. Then you must have a devilish deal of Courage by your Heroick Writing.

But know, that I am the King of Me.

Heav'ns! Sure the Author of that Line must be a plaguy stout Fellow; it makes me valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we stick to what we write as little as Divines do to what they preach.——Besides, Sir, there are other Qualifications requisite in a Friend, he must lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guineas.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good Security.——'Twas the last Word my Father spoke on his Death-bed, that I shou'd never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Pie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profession too!

Mock. By the Universe, that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret——*[They whisper.]*

Club. Now will this plaguy Whir run my Nose out of Joint.——I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the Knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd some Marks of his Friendship, some found Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often.

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmole*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd see this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lowe-well* has a Mistress nam'd *Lucinda*; but that she lodges in this House, I much doubt.

Mock. Impos'd upon! that's very comical.——
Ha, ha, ha! You shall see, Sir; come——Pray, Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray, indeed, Sir, I beg your *[They compliment for the Door.]* Pardon, you're a Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lye, I'm not a Fool; I'll take an Affront from no Man.—Draw Sir. *[Draws.]*

Club. Draw, Sir.——I gad I'll put his Nose out of Joint now.

Lyr.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Master's Friend, his Second, or so, Sir.

Lyr. What's the Matter, noble Squire?

Mock. You lye again, Sir, Zauns, draw.

[Strikes him with his Sword.

Lyr. Ha! a Blow!—*Effex*, a Blow—yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir.

[Strikes him.

Lyr. Oh Patience, Heaven!—Thou art my Friend still.

Mock. You lye, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monster.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal.

Club. A Scribbler.

Lyr. Ah, ah—That rings home.—Scribbler?

Mock. Ay, Scribbler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. May then—

I and the Gods. will fight it with ye all. [Draws.

Enter Roebuck drunk and singing.

France we'er will comply

Till her Claret runs dry;

Then let's pull away to defeat her:

He binds the Peace,

Who refuses his Glass,

And deserves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Myrmidons, fall on; I have taken off the Odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle.

[Sings.

Zoons, Gentlemen, why don't you fight? Blood, fight. Oblige me so far to fight a little; I long to see a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I scorn to shew Sport to any Man.

[Puts up.

Mock. And so do I, by the Universe.

Club. And I, by the Universe.

Lyr.

Lyr. I shall take another Time. [Exit.

Roeb. Here, Rascal, take your Chopping-knife—
[Gives Club his Sword.] and bring me a Joint of that
Coward's Flesh for your Master's Supper.—Fly Dog.
[Takes him by the Nose.

Club. Ah—This Fellow's likeliest to put my Nose
out of Joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durst be a
Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir? I'm a Man of a great Estate,
Sir; I have five Thousand Acres of good fighting
Ground as any in England, good *Terra firma*, Sir:
Coward, Sir! Have a Care what you say, Sir—
My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir; and I was
bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. O then I know your Genealogy; your Fa-
ther was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an
Air-pump. You were suckl'd by *Platonick* Ideas,
and you have some of your Mother's Milk in your
Nose yet.

Mock. From the Proposition by Mode and Figure,
Sir.

Roeb. I told you so—Blow your Nose, Child;
and have a Care of dirtying your Philosophical Slabber-
ing-Bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your starch'd Band, set by Mode and Figure,
Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir!—This Fellow's blind drunk.
I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then set a good Face upon the Matter. Throw
off Childishness and Tolly, with your Hanging-sleeves.
Now you have left the University, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheist, by the Universe!
I'll take Notice of him, and inform against him for
being drunk.—Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot—
Stay, I shall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! your Me-
mory must be very short, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems, for I was but christen'd this Morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worship then *Turk* or *Jew* before?—I knew he was some damn'd bloody Dog.

[*Aside.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, since; for I have got a plaguy Heathenish Name—Pox on't:

——Oh! now I have it.——*Mo—Mock—mo—*

Mockmode.

Mock. Mockmode! Mockmode! Sir, pray how do you spell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came last from the Univerfity.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode.*——What Family are you of, Sir?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Stropshire.*

Roeb. Then I'm of the fame, I believe.——

I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations! Sir, there are but two Families; my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode.*

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very fame Colonel *Peaceable*——Is not he Colonel of *Militia*?

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County last Year?

Mock. The very fame, Sir.

Roeb. The very fame; I'm of that Family.——And your Father dy'd about——let me fee——

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly; by the fame Token you got drunk at a Hunting Match that very Day seven-night he was bury'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch.——But it looks very strange that you shou'd be christen'd this Morning. I'm fure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to answer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to answer for myself.

Mock.

Mock. One would not think so, you're so forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Years since I was christen'd, and I can remember my Name still.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glass of Wine, and that will clear our Understanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You must excuse me, Sir.———This is some Sharper. [Aside.]

Roeb. Nay, prithee, Cousin, good Cousin *Mockmode*, one Glass. I know you are an honest Fellow. We must remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh Sir, you're so short of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot yourself, Sir; *Mockmode* is a heathenish Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And so I beg your Pardon, Sir.———

[Exit.]

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little Enquiry into that Fellow's Concerns, I could bring in a false Deed to cheat him of his Estate.

Enter Brush.

Where the Devil is thy Master! You said I shou'd find him here.

Brush. 'Tis impossible for you, or me, or any body to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Brush. Because he has lost himself. The Devil has made a Jugler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Præsto*, pass in an Instant. He has got some damn'd Business to Day in hand.

Roeb. Ah, so it seems——I must be 'Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Mistress, in the Devil's Name! Well, let my sober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding fast to the present.—I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilst they last, the Devil take George if he thinks of Eternity; I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

She

She is an honest giddy, reeling Punk;
My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and so we both are
drunk. [Exit reeling.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Lucinda's House.

Enter Leanne, and Pindress following with a Paper of
Sweetmeats in her Hand.

Pind. **H**ERE, here, Page, your Lady has sent you
some Sweetmeats; but indeed you shan't
have 'em till you hire me.

Leanne. She sent four Sauce, when she made you the
Bearer. [Aside.

Pind. Prithce now, what makes you constantly so
melancholy? Come, you must be merry, and shall be
merry; I'll get you some Play things.

Leanne. I believe you want Play things more than I.
—But I wou'd be private, Pindress.

Pind. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you!
Boys and Girls shou'd still be private together; and
we may be as retir'd as we please; for my Mistress
is reading in her Closet, and all the Servants are be-
low. —But what Concerns have you? I'm
sure, such a little Boy can have no great Business in
private.

Leanne. I will try thee for once — [Aside.] — Yes, Mrs.
Pindress, I have great Inclinations —

Pind. To what? To do what, Sir? — Don't name
it: — 'Tis all in vain; — you shan't do it; you
need not ask it.

Leanne. Only to kiss you.

[Kisses her.

• Pind.

Pind. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll have none of your Kisses. Take it back again. [*Kisses him.*] Is not the Taste of the Sweetmeats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquorish Chaps: you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that.

Pind. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kisses you won from me last Night at Cross-purposes; and you sha'n't think to keep my Pawn neither.— Pray give me my *Hungary Bottle*—As I hope to be sav'd, I will have my *Hungary Bottle*—[*Rummaging him.*]—I'm stronger than you—I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the Bed, and take it from you.—

[*Takes him up in her Arms.*]

Lean. Help! help! I shall be ravish'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the Matter? Oh bless me!

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almost spoil'd me. Did not your Ladyship hear me cry, I shou'd be ravish'd? I was so weak, I cou'd not resist the little strong Rogue; he whipt me up in his Arms, like a Baby; and had not your Ladyship come in——

Luc. What, Sirrah! wou'd you debauch my Maid, you little Cock-Sparrow? must you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pind. O dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room, and I will so chastise him——

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindrefs*? I'll send one of my Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam: I cou'd manage him with one Hand.—— See here, Madam.

[*Takes him in her Arms, and is running away.*]

Luc. Hold, hold! Is this you that the little strong Rogue had almost ravish'd? He snatch'd you up in his Arms like a Baby!——Ah *Pindrefs*, *Pindrefs*! I see y're very weak indeed.——Are not you aham'd, Girl; to debauch my little Boy?

Pind. Your Ladyship gave me Orders to make him merry, and divert his Melancholy; and I know no better Way than to teaze him a little. I'm afraid the Boy

Boy is troubl'd with the Rickets, and a little shaking, Madam, would do him some good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with Impertinence, and have other Business to mind. *[Aside, Exit.]*

Pind. I hope your Ladyship entertains no ill Opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: But I've so good an Opinion of your Sense, as to believe you wou'd not play the Fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all subject to playing the Fool, if you continue your Resolution in marrying the first Man that asks you the Question.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare swear that Resolution breaks sooner than the former. *[Aside.]* Ah, Madam, Madam! If you never believe Man again, you must never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuously, Madam, if Mr. *Loverwell* shou'd, with an amorous Whine, and suppliant Orange, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we suspect; would you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain Assertions, before the Demonstration of my Senses! No, no; my Love's not so blind. Did I not see his Miss and his Child? Did I not behold him giving her Money? Did I not hear him declare, he would settle her in a Lodging?

Pind. But, Madam, upon serious Reflection, where's the great Harm in all this? most Ladies wou'd be over-joy'd at such a Discovery of their Lover's Ability. The Child seem'd a lusty chopping Boy, and let me tell you, Madam, it must be a lusty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his Defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains I hate most an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modest, and the Gentlemen that of sober *Loverwell*. Now methinks, such a Piece of Debauchery fits so awkwardly on a Person of his Character, that it adds an

Unseemliness to the natural Vileness of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love. — Stay, is not that he?

[Pointing outwards.

Pind. Yes, Madam; I believe he is going to the Park.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly; we'll thither masqu'd. This Day's Adventures argue some intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only setting a Face upon the matter.

[Puts her Masque on.

For as Hypocrisy in Men can move,

Here's the best Hypocrite in female Love.

On even Scores designing Heaven took care;

Since Men false Hearts, that we false Faces wear.

[Exit.

SCENE, the Park.

Enter Lovewell and Lyrick meeting; Lyrick reading.

I'll rack thy Reputation, blast thy Fame,

And in strong grinding Satyr, gibbet up thy Name.

Love. What! in a Rapture, Mr. Lyrick?

Lyr. A little poetical Fury, that's all. — I'll

'Squire him; I'll draw his Character for the Bassoon of a Fante; he shall be as famous in Ballad as *Robin Hood*, or *Little John*. My Muses shall haunt him like Demons; they shall make him more ridiculous than *Dan Quixot*.

Love. Because he encounter'd your Windmill-Pate.

— Ha, ha, ha! — Come, come, Mr. Lyrick, you must be pacify'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zooks, Sir, he's a Fool, and has not a Grain of Sense. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I could bear a Kicking from him: But an Abuse from a Blockhead I can never suffer it.

Bert

Love and a Bottle

Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School,

Just Sense enough to make a noted Fool,

That stings, Mr. Lovewell.

Lovewell Pray, Sir, let me see it.

Lyn This is imperfect, Sir: But if you please to give your Judgment on this Piece.—*[Gives him a Paper.]*

'Tis a Burlesque on some of our late Writings.

Love Ay, you Poets mount first on the Shoulders of your Predecessors, to see farther in making Discoveries; and having once got the upper-hand, you spurn them under-foot. I think you should bear a Veneration to their very Ashes.

Lyn Ay, if most of their Writings had been burnt! I declare, Mr. Lovewell, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty: Their great Beauties only illustrate their greater Errors.

Love. Well, you saw the new Tragedy last Night; how did it please ye?

Lyn. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Love. What laugh at a Tragedy?

Lyn. I laugh to see the Ladies cry; to see so many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero: Who wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd! On my Conscience, these Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their Eyes, when the same white Handkerchief that blows their Noses, must be a Winding-Sheet to the deceased Hero.

Love. Then there's something in the Handkerchief to embalm him, Mr. Lynck; Ha, ha, ha!—But what Relish have you of Comedy?

Lyn. No satisfactory one.—My Curiosity is forestall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what shall happen: For as the Hero in Tragedy is either a whining, cringing Fool, that's always a stabbing himself; or a ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every body else: So the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and speculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and shams the Beau and Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Catastrophe of all Tragedies is Death, so the End of Comedies is Marriage.

Love. And some think That the most Tragical Conclusion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience, than that upon the Stage.— I have often wonder'd, why Men should be fond of seeing Fools ill represented, when, at the same Time and Place, they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in their Boxes.—

Love. Oh, be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, it is your Interest. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your first Parent the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us sometimes to be a little Atheistical; and it is so indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worst Habit, that of Satyr. Besides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Esteem, than Railery, because it is still founded upon Jealousy; occasion'd by their preferring senseless Fops, and wealthy Fools, to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Love. Now I think these Favourites of the Ladies are more witty than you.

Lyr. How so, pray Sir?

Love. Because they play the Fool, conscious that it will please; and you're a Wit, when sensible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that a Man of your Sense should turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Employment will undertake it.

Lyr. The Reason of that is, every one that knows not a Tittle of the Matter, pretends to be a Judge of it.

—By the Lard, Mr. *Loverwell*, I put the Criticks

next

next to the Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, in my Litany.——Had you seen 'em last Night in the Pit, with such demure supercilious Faces——their contemplative Wigs thrust judiciously backwards; their Hands rubbing their Temples, to chase ill Nature; and with a hissing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Pish! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him!——Lord have Mercy upon us!

Love. Ay, and you shall have others as foolish as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who shall laugh outrageously at every smutty Jest; cry very well, by Gad; that's fine by Heavens; and if a Distich of Rhime happens, they clap so loud, that they drown the Jest.

Lyr. That's the Jest. The Wit lies in their Hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you must gather it from the Palmistry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill said, but what's ill taken; so nothing's well said, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. Lovewell, Poetry, without these laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty sounding Bus'ness, good for nothing; and all we Professors might go hang our selves in the Bell-ropes.

Love. Ha, ha, ha!——But I thought Poetry was instructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you must know, they are too nice to read Sermons; such Instructions are too gross for their refin'd Apprehensions; but any Precepts that may be instill'd by easy Numbers, such as of *Rocheſter*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonsense, with a *Firstly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: but they take up with some of our modern Plays in their Cloſet, where the Morality must be devilish instructive——But I must be gone; here comes the Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him!

Love. That which shall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you join with me

me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you must be seemingly reconciled to him. Let's step aside, and observe 'em, while I give you a hint of the matter.

[Exeunt *between the Scenes*, and seem to confer and hearken.]

Enter Mockmode, leading Trudge as if a Widow.

Mock. This is very fine Weather, blessed Weather indeed, Madam; 'twill do abundance of good to the Grass and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in Ireland.

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my first Husband (rest his Soul) say so; he was an Irish Gentleman.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your first Husband mightily, for you affect his Tone in Discourse.—Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning cost a Yard?

Trud. O Lord! What shall I say now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aside*] It cost, Sir; let me see— it cost about— but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy such small Things.

Mock. By the Universe, she must be plaguy rich! I will be brisk. [*Aside*.] Pray, Madam— I— I pray, Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. Roebuck spoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. Roebuck? Was that your first Husband's Name, Madam?

Love behind. She'll spoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; Roebuck was a Doctor that let me Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsy, and made me hoarse ever since.

Mock. By the Universe she's a Widow, and I'll be a little brisk. Madam, will you grant me a small Favour,

Love and a Bottle.

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Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it. ———— [*Kneels.*]

Trud. What is it, pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell enters.

Love. Zoons, her thick Leg will discover all — By your leave, Sir, have you any Pretensions to this Lady?

[*Pushes Mockmode down.*]

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront or not. — [*Aside.*] — Pretensions, Sir! I have so great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has Pretensions to her. — Dem me, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?

Love. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that must be Wit, for it can't be good Manners. — Sir, I respect all Men of Sense, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Love. No matter, Sir, I know your Name's *Mockmode.*

Mock. By the Universe, that's very comical! That a Fellow should pretend to tell me my own Name!

—— Another Question if you please, Sir.

Love. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Christen'd Name?

Love. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zawns, Sir, would you persuade me out of my Christen'd Name? I'll lay out a Guinea that I do know by the Universe. — [*Pulls a handful of Money out.*] Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir; I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Love. Sir, you must know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only Sign of Christianity you can boast of. — And now, Sir, my Name's *Lovewell.*

Mock. Then I say, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only Sign of a *Turk* you can brag of. — I wish *Club* were come.

Love. Sir, I shall certainly circumcise you, if you make any farther Pretensions to Madam Lucinda here.

Mock. Circumcise me! Circumcise a Pudding's end, Sir.—Zauns, Sir, I'll be judged by the Lady, who merits Circumcision most, you or I, Sir. These London Blades are all stark mad; [*Lucinda enters, and observes Lovewell courting Trudge in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow won'd persuade me now, that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that speaks plain to me. I must be Friends with him, because I find I may have Occasion for such a Friend; I'll find him out strait. [*Exit.*

Love. Madam, will you walk—[*Exit with Trudge.*
Lucinda and Pindress come forward.

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pind. Mine are more puzzling. There must be something in this more than we imagine. You had best to talk with him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poison in it, and that I could spit Death in his Face.

Pind. If he is lost, your hard Usage this Morning has occasion'd it.

Luc. I am glad on't; I've gain'd by the Loss; I despise him more now than ever I lov'd him. That Passion which can stoop so low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any Thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pind. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover the 'Squire, I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell's* Disgrace wou'd bring him into Favour presently.

Luc. It certainly shall, if he be not as great a Fool as t'other's false.

Pind. You may be mistaken in your Opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell*.

Luc. No, *Pindress*; I shall find what I read in the last Miscellanies very true:

*But two Distinctions their whole Sex does part;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.*

SCENE

SCENE *continues.*

Enter several Masques crossing the Stage, and Roebuck following.

Roeb. Death; What a Coney-borough's Here! The Trade goes swimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdness, as the Change is of Knavery. — The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here. — I begin to think Whoring scandalous, it is grown so mechanical. — My Modesty will do me no good, I fear. — Madam, are you a Where?

[Catches a Masque.]
1st Mas. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. Short and Pithy. — If ever Woman spake Truth, I believe thou hast. *[Second Masque pulls him by the Elbow.]* Have you any Business with me, Madam?

2d Mas. Pray, Sir, be civil; you're mistaken, Sir — I have had an Eye upon this Fellow all this Afternoon. *[Aside.]* You're mistaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modest.

2d Mas. So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow, I warrant you!

2d Mas. Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a Dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow. — Then I suppose you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Broadness of your Bottom, I shou'd guess you sat very much behind a Counter.

2d Mas. My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons a Judge; I shall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat so long. — 'Tis very hard, Madam, he should not do you Justice: Was not he an Estate in Tail, Madam?

2d Mas. I seldom examine his Papers: They are a Parcel of old dry shrivell'd Parchments; and this

Court-hand is so devilish crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph! — Then I suppose, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Case to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

Enter Lovewell.

2d Mas. O Heavens forbid! such a young Man!

Roeb. That is, I'll do nothing without a Bribe.

Pray, Madam, how does the Watch strike?

2d Mas. It never strikes, it only points to the Bull-nels, as you must do, without telling Tales. Dare ye meet me two Hours hence?

Roeb. Ah, Madam, but I shall never hit the Time exactly without a Watch.

2d Mas. Well, take it. — At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the Middle-Temple. *Cook upon Littleton be the Word.* *Exit.*

Roeb. So — If the Law be all such Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Love. What, engag'd? *Myrmidon!* I find you'll never quit the Battle, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almost tir'd.

Love. What a miserable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wise Man hates.

Roeb. What? Moralizing again! Oh I'll tell thee News, Man, I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lord!

Love. Pshaw.

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, see my Note of Admission. *[Shows the Watch.]*

Love. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb. Ah, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Love. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I design to pay honestly.

Love. I don't like this running o'th'Score. — But what News from *Lucinda*, Boy? is she kind? Ha?

Enter

Enter a Masque crossing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a stately Cruiser; I must give her one Chace—I'll tell you when I return.

[Exit running.]

Love. I find he has been at a Loss there, which occasions his Eagerness for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my Suspicion; I believe her Virtue so sacred, that 'tis a Piece of Atheism to distrust its Existence. But Jealousy in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is still raising Doubts, which, without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. Raebuck, Sir?

Love. What would you have with Mr. Raebuck, Sir?

Por. I have a small Note for him, Sir.

Love. Let me see't.

Por. Ay, Sir; if your Name be Mr. Raebuck, Sir.

Love. My Name is Raebuck, Blockhead.

Por. God bless you, Master.

[Gives him a Letter, and Exit.]

Love. This is some tawdry Billet, with a scrawling Adieu at the End on't. These strolling Jades know a young wholesome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parson's Wife does a fat Goose. 'Tis certainly some Secret, and therefore shall be known.

[Opens the Letter.]

S I R,

Tuesday, Three o'Clock.

MY Behaviour towards you this Morning was somewhat strange; but I shall tell you the Cause of it, if you meet me at Ten this Night in our Garden; the Back-door shall be open.

Yours, Lucinda.

Oh Heav'ns! Certainly it can't be! L, U, C, I, N, D, A; that spells Woman. 'Twas never written so plain before. Raebuck, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as she's a

false one! Oh thou damn'd Sybil! I have courted thee these three Years, and could never obtain above a Kiss of the Hand, and this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd the Back-door open. Mr. Roebuck, since I have discover'd some of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open some more of 'em. — But how shall I shake him off? — Oh, I have it, I'll seek him instantly. *[Exit.]*

Enter Roebuck meeting the Porter.

Roeb. Here, you, Sir, have you a Note for one Roebuck?

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him just now.

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I an't positive I gave it to the right Person; but I'm very sure I did, for he answer'd the Description the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now shou'd I cut thy Throat, Rascal.

Por. Bless your Worship, noble Sir. — *[Exit.]*

Roeb. At Ten, in the Garden! The Back-door open! Oh the delicious Place and Hour! Soft panting Breasts, trembling Joints! melting Sighs! and eager Embraces! Oh Extasy! — But how to shake off Lovewell! — This is his nicely virtuous! Ha, ha, ha! — This is his innate Principle of Virtue! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Lovewell.

Lowe. How now! Why so merry?

Roeb. Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog spit, Man; Ha, ha, ha! — The Watch, Sir, the Watch! Ha, ha, ha!

Lowe. What of the Watch? You laugh by the Hour; you'll be run down by and by, sure!

Roeb. Ah, but I shall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer — Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I shou'd laugh to see how gravely his Goose Cap sits upon a Pair of Horns! Ha, ha, ha!

Lowe. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prither leave Impertinence. — I receiv'd a Note just now.

Roeb.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! What d'ye mean? Who brought it?

Love. A Gentleman, 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, Thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't.

Love. And you may be signally serviceable to me in this Affair. I can give you no greater Testimony of my Affection, than by making so free with you. [Aside.]

Roeb. What needs all this Formality? I'll be thy Second, without all this Impertinence:

Love. There's more than that, Friend. — In the first Place, I don't understand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and such a Business might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you must meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Love*, well, I sha'n't stick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any Time, so I may do it fairly, or for — The Hour and Place?

Love. This very Evening in *Moorfields*.

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ yourself the while?

Love. I'll follow you at a Distance, lest you have any foul Play.

Roeb. Which if you do — No, faith *Ned*, since I'm to answer an Appointment for you, you must make good an Assignment for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the Temple To-night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the Hour, and shall be your Passport. Let me have yours. — [Change Watches.]

Love. Oh! Was that the Jest? Ha, ha, ha! — Well, I will answer an Assignment for you sure enough. Ha, ha, ha! — How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut? [Aside.]

Roeb. How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have snubb'd him off, purely. — But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel!

[Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.]

Love.

Love. Pshaw! A Trifle; a Trifle; from a Mistress — Take care on't tho'. But hark ye, *George*; don't push too home; have a Care of whipping thro' the Guts.

Roeb. 'Gad, I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But dy'e hear, *Ned*; remember you sent me on this Errand, and are therefore answerable for all Mischief; if I do whip my Adversary thro' the Lungs or so, remember you set me upon't.

Love. Well, honest *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courtesy.

Roeb. You know always I oblige myself by serving my Friend — I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. *[Aside.]*

Love. I never imagin'd this Fellow was so easy before. *[Aside.]* Well, good Success to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Transactions that pass.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Love. That you're an Ass.

[Exeunt severally, laughing.]

Re-enter Lovewell, crossing the Stage hastily, Mockmode and Lyrick following him.

Lyr. Mr. Lovewell, a Word w'ye.

Love. Let it be short, pray Sir, for my Bus'ness is urgent, and 'tis almost dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the 'Squire, and want only the Presentment of a Copy of Verses to ingratiate myself wholly, thoroughly. Let me have that Piece I lent you just now.

Love. Ay, ay, with all my Heart. — Here. — Farewel.

[Pulls the Poem hastily, and justles out a Letter with it, which Mockmode takes up.]

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, which (according to the Way of us Poets) I say, was written at fifteen, but between you and I, it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty! — When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir?

Lyr.

Lov. At the third Night of his first Play; for he's never a Mad till then; But

Mock. But when at Years of Diferetion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing; and that's seldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lov. The Criticks, who, with their good Will, would never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Universe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's Hand; some Billet-Doux, I suppose; it just'd out of *Lovewell's* Pocket. We'll to the next Light and read it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE a dark Arbour in *Lucinda's* Garden.

Enter Roebuck Solus.

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half shut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lover's Paradise; *Cupid* stood Centry at the Entrance, *Love* was the Word, and he let me pass. — Now is my Friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Case to manage, ten to one he's non-sailed; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I've got in, Thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose Influence is my best Friend at present. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long Sword; and I know his fighting Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by any Enemy, as by a Mistress.

Roeb. Hark, Hark! I hear a Voice; it must be she — *Lucinda!*

Lov. True to the Touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Lov. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my arms.

[Run into each other's Arms. Finding the Mistake, start back.]

Lov.

Love. 'Slife! a Man!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil! — And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand thou'd conjure thee down —

Love. We shall find whose Charm is strongest

They pass by one another; Roebuck passes out at the opposite Door; and as Lovewell is passing out on the other Side of the Stage,

Enter Leathe.

Lean. Mr. Roebuck! Sir! Mr. Roebuck!

[With a Night Gown over his Cloaths.

Love. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll swear —
Madam.

Lean. Sir.

Love. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've staid a little too long; but making an Apology now were only lengthening the Offence. Let's into the Arbour, and make up for the Moments mispent.

Lean. Hold, Sir: Do you love this *Lucinda* you're so fond of hauling into the Arbour?

Love. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. False, false Roebuck! — *[Aside.]* — I am lost.

Love. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to so late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Love. And did you never own an Affection to another?

Lean. No; witness all those Powers you just now mention'd.

Love. Revenge yourselves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuser, and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell*. — This Darkness, which opportunely hides your Blushes, makes your Shame more monstrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell*! I'm vex'd it is he, but glad to be mistaken. — Now, Female Policy, assist me.

Love.

Love. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you guilty—Farewel, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha!

Love. What am I made your Scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha!—This happens better than I expected.—Ha, ha, ha!—Mr. Lovewell!

Love. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's sprung already, and all your Deceit discovered.

Lean. Indeed you're a fine Fellow at discovering Deceits, I must confess, that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this Time.

Love. What the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir; the Mine's sprung already.—Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. Roebuck is better at discovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Love. This Discovery is the greatest Riddle!—Prithce, Child, what makes thee disguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to Roebuck?

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.—Why, Sir, my Lady had a Mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Affignation, and sent me in her Stead, to banter him. But when I tell her how you fell into the Snare, and how jealous you were.—Ha, ha, ha!

Love. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the Matter!—[Hugs her.] On my Conscience, thou'rt so soft, I believe thou'rt a Woman still.—But who was that Man I encounter'd just now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly Roebuck.—[Aside.] Some of the Footmen, I suppose.—Come, Sir, I must conduct you out immediately, lest some more of 'em meet you.

[Conducts him to the Door and returns.]
He certainly was here, and I have miss'd him.
Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And loves to hoodwink those already blind:
Wary Deceit can many By-ways tread,
To shun the Blocks in Virtue's open Road,
Whilst heedless Innocence still falls on Ruin;

Yet,

Yet, whilst by Love inspir'd, I will pursue,
 What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
 Not even his Falshood shall my Claim remove;
 From mutual Fires none can true Passion prove;
 For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Anti-chamber in Lucinda's House; the Flat Scene half open, discovers a Bed-chamber: Lucinda in her Night-gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck, groping his Way.

Roeb. **O**N what new happy Climate am I thrown?
 This House is Love's Labyrinth; I have
 stumbled into it by Chance. — Ha! an Illusion! let
 me look again. — Eyes, if you play me false, [*Look-*
ing about.] I'll pluck ye out — 'Tis she! 'tis Lucinda!
 alone, undress'd, in a Bed-chamber, between Eleven
 and Twelve o'Clock. — A blessed Opportunity!
 — Now if her innate Principle of Virtue defend her,
 then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth
 Two pence. — Hold, she comes forward. —

[*Lucinda approaches reading.*]

Luc. Unjust Prerogative of faithless Man,
 Abusing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
 In former Ages, Love and Honour stood
 As Props and Beauties to the Female Cause;
 But now lie prostitute to Scorn and Sport.
 Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
 And Woman-kind must bear a second Fall.

Roeb.

Roeb. [*Aside.*] Ah, and a third too, or I'm mistaken. — I must divert this plaguy Romantick Humour.

Luc. While Virtue guided Peace, and Honour War, Their Fruits and Spoils were Offerings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis so still; for [*raising his Voice.*] Beau with earliest Cherries Miss does grace, And Soldier offers Spoils of Flanders Lace.

Luc. Ha! — Protest me, Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accursed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Flesh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I must not own the Reception of a Note from her. [*Aside.*] Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Destiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be. [*Taking her by the Hand.*]

Luc. [*Pulling her Hand away.*] If a Gentleman, my Commands may cause you to withdraw; if a Russian, my Footman shall dispose of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to save her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principles; and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour are burlesqu'd by thy professing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mein and Habit shew thee a Gentleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a Centaur; only one part Man, and the other Beast.

Roeb. Philosophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches; [*Aside.*] and, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddess; only one part Woman, 't'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind; but thine is the Corrupter and Debauser of it. — The Passion of you Libertines, is like your Drunkenness: heat of Lust, as 't'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the same — is my Receipt. — Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to rest that will disturb our Pleasure; whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we are about. — 'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle; and she, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a second Opportunity. — I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love shall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir! — Thou hast Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Question. Whence proceeds it? From a vain Thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Virtue: — If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whose Modesty dare not doubt my Virtue; yet have so much Pride to support it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex at my Feet, should not extort an immodest Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modest as you please, Madam. — You shall be as virtuous to-morrow Morning as e'er a Nun in Europe; the Opinion of the World shall proclaim you such, and that's the surest Charter the most rigid Virtue in England is held by! The Night has no Eyes to see, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One Kiss shall seal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Censure of Women, argues the Meanness of thy Conversation.

Roeb. Her superior Virtue awes me into Coldness. — 'Slife! it can't be Twelve sure. — Night's a Lyar.

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I must fetch those shall conduct you hence. — My Eyes are dazzled sure.

[Passing by him towards the Door, she perceives the Gentleman's Head staid to the Watch.
Pray,

Pray, Sir, let me see that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens, she has a mind to't!—Oh, 'tis at your Service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Virtue by so poor a Thought. — But answer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now shall ask: whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the Bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Mistress.

Luc. A Trifle! said he. — Oh Indignation, am I slighted thus! — I'll put a Jewel out of his Power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve. — If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a virtuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large Return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife, said she.

Luc. What's your Name, Sir, and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. *Roebuck*, said she.

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Instructions. — *Mockmode*, Madam. — *Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sur-Name.

Luc. *Mockmode*, my 'Squire! it can't be! But if it shou'd, I've made the better Exchange. — Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*, Madam: My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the University; I have Fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*. — 'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to Day. [*Aside.*]

Luc. The very same. — And had you any Directions to court a Lady in *London*?

Roeb. Umph! — How shou'd I have found the way hither else, Madam? What the Devil will this come to? [*Aside.*]

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman. — Dreams go by Contraries. — Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Designs are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden, 'till I send for my

my Chaplain: You must take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm lost for ever.

Roeb. I think I am become a very sober *Shropshire* Gentleman in good earnest; I don't start at the Name of the Parson.

Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and a great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it! Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money. — Oh but there are Children, squawling Children! Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away. — Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I shall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reasonable, since all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds should go thither. — But then, there's *Leante*! that sticks. I love her, witness, Heaven, I love her to that Degree. — Pshaw, I shall whine presently. I love her as well as any Woman, and what can she expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water. — Fortune has decreed it otherwise. — So

lead on, blind Guide, I'll follow thee; and when the Blind leads the Blind, no wonder they both fall into — Matrimony. [Going out, meets *Leante*.] Oh my dear auspicious little *Mercury*! let me kiss thee. — Go tell thy charming Mistress, I obey her Commands.

[Exit.

Enter Leante.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I must follow him. [Going.

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again! — Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be marry'd presently.

Lean. Marry'd so suddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence just now.

Lean.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyship is not in earnest, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jest of? Don't be impudent, Boy; call him instantly.

Lean. What shall I do? — Oh, Madam, suspend it till the Morning, for Heav'n's sake. Mr. *Lowerwell's* in the House, I met him not half an Hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyship.

Luc. *Lowerwell* in my House! how came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I saw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threaten'd every body. Pray delay it to Night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm resolv'd; and I'll prevent his discovering us; I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindress* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbour, in the West Corner, and send the Chaplain thither instantly.

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou hast entirely won! For I am lost. Thus long I have been rack'd On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-strings (break.

Discovering who I am, exposes me to Shame. Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindress.

Pind. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithce, let you and I throw in our Two-pence a-piece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me. — But stay, let me consider o'th' Business.

Pind. No Consideration; the Business must be done hand-over-head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play still; and with you, *Pindress*. [Takes her Hand.

Pind.

Pind. You expect tho' that I should turn up Trump.

Lean. No, not if I shuffle right. [*Aside.*]—Well,

Pindrofs, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbour, at the West-corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You must not whisper, for we must pass upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.——Haste.

Pind. Sha'n't I put on my new Gown first?

Lean. No, no, you shall have a Green-Gown for your Wedding in the Arbour.

Pind. A Green-Gown!—Well, all Flesh is Grass.

Lean. Make haste, my Spouse, fly.

Pind. And will you come? will you be sure to come?——O my little Green-Gooseberry, my Teeth waters at ye.——

Lean. Now Chance.——No, thou'rt blind.

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right;

Thou' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE Bullfinch's House.

Enter Lovewell, Brush and Servant.

Love. Mr. Lyrick abroad, say'st thou! and Mockmode with him!

Serv. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Love. I don't understand this.——*Brush,* run to Lucinda's Lodgings, and observe what's doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently. [*Exit Brush.*]——Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. Mockmode's Man can inform ye.

Love. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. Club. Mr. Club.

Love. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir, but he's asleep, and in Bed.——

Mr. Club, Mr. Club.

Club. Augh.——[*Yawning.*] I'm asleep, I'm asleep; don't wake me.——Augh.

Serv.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters untied, scratching and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.

Club. Pox o'your London Breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Love. Where's your Master, pray Sir?

Club. Augh——— 'Tis a sad thing to be broken of one's Rest this way.

Love. Can you inform me where your Master's gone?

Club. My Master!——— Augh———

[Stretching and yawning.]

Love. Yes, Sir, your Master.

Club. My Master!——— Augh——— What o'Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first Sleep.——— Augh———

Love. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or——— Where's your Master?

Club. Augh——— I had the pleasantest Dream when you call'd me——— Augh——— I thought my Master's great black Stone-horse had broke loose among the Mares——— Augh——— And so, Sir, you call'd me——— Augh——— And so I awaken'd.

Love. Sirrah, *[Strikes him.]*——— Now your Dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir.

Love. Tell me presently where your Master is, Sirrah, or I'll dust the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh Sir, your Name's Lovewell, Sir!

Love. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Master is——— where you are not, Sir.——— My Master's in a fine Lady's Arms, and you are——— here, I take it. *[Shrugging.]*

Love. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Mistress *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his Business, and my Master will do her Business, I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropshire* Breed,

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I

which

Serv.

which I'm sure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Love. Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow——

Ha, ha, ha! Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Catastrophe so soon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! ha, ha, ha!

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory, that you wou'd give your Ears for; I warrant, you think my Master's over Head and Ears in the *Irish* Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the Bottom on't.

Love. He may pass over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were stepping Stones laid in his Way.

Club. He has got over dry-shod, I'll assure you.—Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden, to Night?——Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha!

Love. 'Sdeath, Rascal, what Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the *Park*, and juttled that sweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Master's Hands, Sir, and discover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you are as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Love. Curs'd Misfortune!——And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll spit you like a Sparrow.

Club. I design to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Master's intimate Friend, or so, upon a Bribe of a Hundred Pounds, or so, has sided with him, taken him to *Lucinda's* Garden in your stead, and there's a Parson, and all, and so forth.——Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata——Cata——what d'ye call him, Sir?

Love.

Love. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden.—
'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet; I'll cut off one of his
Limbs, I'll make a Synalopha of him, I'll——

Club. He, he, he!——Two Calves suck'd on the
same Cow!——He, he, he!

Love. Nay, then I begin with you. [*Drubs him.*]

Club. Zauns! Murder! Demme! Zauns! Mur-
der! Zauns! [*Runs off, Lovewell after him.*]

SCENE changes to the Anti-chamber in Lucinda's
House; a Hat and a Sword on the Table.

Enter Brush.

Brush. I have been peeping and crouching about
like a Cat a mousing. Ha! I smell a Rat—a Sword
and a Hat!—There are certainly a Pair of Breeches
appertaining to these, and may be lap'd up in my
Lady's Lavender, who knows? [*Listens,*]

Enter Lovewell in a hurry.

Love. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd,
trick'd.——

Brush. I believe so too, Sir.—See here!——

[*Shews the Hat and Sword.*]

Love. By all my hopes, Roebuck's Hat and Sword.
This is Mischief upon Mischief. Run you to the
Garden, Sirrah, and if you find any Body, secure
'em, I'll search the House——I'm ruin'd!——Fly!
Roebuck——What hoa——*Roebuck*?——hoa!

*Enter Roebuck unbutton'd; runs to Lovewell and em-
braces him.*

Roeb. Dear, dear Lovewell, wish me Joy, wish me
Joy, my Friend.

Love. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the dearest, tenderest; whitest, softest
Bride, that ever blest Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a
Cupid, all Wings, and must fly again to her Embra-
ces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Love. Hold Sir, I hope you mock me! tho' that
itself's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you! — By Heaven's, no. She's
more than Sense can bear, or Tongue express —
O Lucinda! Shou'd Heaven —

Love. Hold, Sir, no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleasure, and must con-
fess all. When her soft melting, white, and yielding Waste,
Within my pressing Arms was folded fast,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kisses,
Whilst in soft broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's
Souls.

Love. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Ex-
travagance — By Heav'n I swear, you shan't
marry her!

Roeb. By Heav'n I swear so too; for I'm marry'd
already.

Love. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man! — Pshaw, that's Non-
sense. A poor Fellow can no sooner get marry'd,
than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain present-
ly — You may call me a Fool, a Blockhead, or
an Ass, by the Authority of Custom: But why a
Villain, for God's sake?

Love. Did not you engage to meet, and fight a
Gentleman for me in *Moorfields*?

Roeb. Did not you promise to engage a Lady for
me at the *Fountain*, Sir?

Love. This *Lucinda* is my Mistress, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Love. Then this decides the matter. — Draw.

[*Throws Roebuck his Sword, and draws his own.*]

Roeb. Prithce be quiet, Man, I've other Business
to mind on my Wedding-night. I must in to my
Bride.

[*Going.*]

Love. Hold, Sir; move a Step, and by Heavens
I'll stab thee.

Roeb.

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pshaw, I a'n't prepar'd to die; I a'n't, Devil take me.

Love. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why you won't be so unconscionable as to kill a Man so suddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Love. Pardon me, Heavens, if press'd by stinging Taunts, my Passion urge my Arm to act what's foul.

[Offers to push at him.]

Roeb. Hold. [Taking up his Sword.] 'Tis safest making Peace, they say, with Sword in Hand. — I'll tell thee what, *Ned*, I would not lose this Night's Pleasure for the Honour of fighting and vanquishing the Seven Champions of *Christendom*: Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thrust with you to-morrow Morning.

Love. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life! — Then thou art a Coward.

Roeb. You imagined the contrary, when you employed me to fight for you in *Moorfields*.

Love. Will nothing move thy Gall? — Thou'rt base, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee; therefore name not that Word again, for such a Repetition would overpay all thy Favours.

Love. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou hast catch'd it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendship even yet does balance Passion; but throw in the least Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Love. [Pausing]. No, I've thought better; my Reason clears: She's not worth my Sword; a Bully only shou'd draw in her Defence, for she's false, a Prostitute.

[Puts up his Sword.]

Roeb. A Prostitute! by Heavens thou ly'st. [Draws.] — Thou hast blasphemed. Her Virtue answers the uncorrupted State of Woman; so much above Mo-

desty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of our Sex; and I stand Champion now for the fair Female Cause.

Love. Then I have lost what nought on Earth can pay. Curse on all Doubts, all Jealousies, that destroy our present Happiness, by mistrusting the future. Thus Misbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell.—And is she virtuous? sound the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as virtuous as thy Sister.

Love. My Sister!—Ha!— I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Sister; for her you courted, and I heard she lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, it is true, and lov'd her also; nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendship tow'rds her and had my Fate allow'd me time for Thought, her dear Remembrance might have stop'd the Marriage. But since it is past, I must own to you, to her, and all the World, that I cast off all former Passion, and shall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her charming Arms from whom I just now parted.

Enter Leanthe in Woman's loose Apparel.

Lean. I take you at your Word. These are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happiness! *Leanthe!*

Love. My Sister! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it shall, it must be so— For none on Earth cou'd give such Joys but she.— Who would have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increase? *Loverwell*, my Friend! This is thy Sister! 'Tis *Leanthe!* My Mistress, my Bride, my Wife!

Lean. I am your Sister, Sir, as such I beg you to pardon the Effect of violent Passion, which has driven me into some imprudent Actions: But none such as may blot the Honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in suspence, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthe*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue

trigue with *Lucinda*; I sent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this Afternoon; and I ———

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Love. Thou art my Sister and Guardian-Angel; for thou hast bless'd thyself, and bless'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* still is safe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May! ——— She shall be thine, my Friend.

Love. Where is *Lucinda*?

Enter *Mockmode*.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the Universe.

Lean. You must give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe, Madam, Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam. [Offers to salute her awkwardly.]

Love. By your leave, Sir. ——— [Thrusts him back.]

Roeb. Ah, Cousin *Mockmode*! ——— How do all our Friends in *Shropshire*?

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Cousin, your Crack. But Gentlemen, by the Assistance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes shall testify. Bring in the Jury there. ——— Guilty or not Guilty?

Enter *Lyrick* and *Trudge*.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck*! [Trudge seeing *Roebuck*, throws off her Masque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kisses him.] And Faith is it you, dear Joy? And where have you been these seven long Years?

Mock. Zauns!

Roeb. Hold off, stale Iniquity. ——— Madam, you'll pardon this? [To *Leanne*.]

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promis'd to marry me, so you did. ——— Ah Sir, *Neddy's* a brave Boy, God bless him; he's a whole Armful; Lord knows, I had a heavy Load of him.

Love. Guilty or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode*?

Mock. 'Tis past that; I am condemned; I'm hang'd in the Marriage Noose.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsey?

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do so again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye.—Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendship?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your Squireship.

Love. Now, Sister, my Fears are over.—But where's *Lucinda*? How is she dispos'd of?

Lean. The Fear she lay under of being discover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of imposing *Pindress* upon her instead of this Gentlewoman, whom she expected to wear one of *Pindress's* Night-Gowns as a Disguise. To make the Cheat more current, she disguis'd herself in my Cloaths, which has made her pass on her Maid for me; and I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, pass upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda*: My next Business is to find her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Reconcilement to you, which the Discovery of the Mistakes between both will easily effect.

Roeb. Well, Sir, [*To Lyrick*,] how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me leave to call you so now?) this 'Squire had a mind to personate *Love-well*, to catch *Lucinda*.—So I made *Trudge* to personate *Lucinda*, and snap him in this very Garden.—Now, Sir, you'll give me leave to write our *Epithalamium*.

Mock. My *Epithalamium*! my *Epitaph*! Screech-Owl, for I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred Pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you. These are hard Times, and Men of Industry must make Money.

Mock.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Universe, Sir; a Bill of five hundred Pound Sterling upon Mr. Ditto the Mercer in *Cheapside*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's Hands.

[*Gives Roebuck the Bill.*
The Executioner shall cut the Rope.

[*Goes to the Door, and brings in Bullanch dress'd like a Parson.*

Here's Revelation for you! — [*Pulls open the Gown.*

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of Babylon!

Love. What, Pope *Joan* the Second! Were you the Priest?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the Time of Christianity the Poets were Priests.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? Won'd it not do well for a Play? — My Money, Sir —

[*To Roebuck.*

Roeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman —

[*Gives it to Trudge.*] You have divorc'd her, and must give her separate Maintenance. — There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Enter Lucinda, Leathe, and Pindress.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are these can testify the Truth: This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much such another Person as your Dream represented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my dissembling, since only the Hopes of so great a Purchase cou'd cause it.

Luc. Let my wishing you much Joy and Happiness in your Bride, testify my Reconciliation; and at the Request of your Sister, Mr. *Loverwell*, I pardon your past Jealousies. You threatened me, Mr. *Loverwell*, with an *Irisb* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wish it present now, to assist at your Sister's Nuptials.

Lean. At my last going hence, I sent for 'em, and they're ready.

Love. Call 'em in then.

[*An Irish Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dress'd after the Fingallian Fashion.*]

Luc. I must reward your Sister, Mr. Loverwell, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore settle my Fortune and myself on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Estate in Ireland to your Sister, and that Gentleman.

Love. 'Tis done, only with this Proviso, Brother, That you forsake your Extravagances.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always slighted Gold, But most when offer'd as a sordid Bribe.

I scorn to be brib'd even to Virtue,

But for bright Virtue's sake, I here embrace it.

[*Embracing Leanthé.*]

I have espous'd all Goodness with *Leanthé*,
And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and unlawful Flames

Debauch us first, and softer Love reclaims.

Thus Paradise was lost by Woman's Fall,

But virtuous Woman thus restores it all.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE.

Written and Spoke by *Jo. Haynes* in
Mourning.

I Come not here, your Poet's Fate to see,
He and his Play both be damn'd for me;
No, Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn for thee.
And must those Structures then untimely fall,
Whilst th' other House stands, and gets the Devil and all?
Must still kind Fortune through all Weathers steer'em,
And Beauties bloom there, spite of *Edax Rerum*?
Vivitur Ingenio, that damn'd Motto there,

[Looking up at it.

Seduc'd me first to be a wicked Player.
Hard Times indeed; O Tempora! O Mores!
I know that Stage must down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts tho'—(Pray now speak,)
After all our Services, to let us break?
You cannot do't, unless the Devil's in ye,
What Arts, what Merit, ha'n't we us'd to win ye?
First, to divert ye with some new French Strollers;
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars.

[Mocking the late Singers.

When their Male Throats no longer drew your Money;
We got you an Eunuch's Pipe, Signior Rampony.
That Beardless Songster we cou'd ne'er make much on;
The Females found a damn'd Blotch in his 'Scutcheon.
An Italian now we've got of mighty Fame,
Don Sigismondo Fideli—There's Musick in his Name:

EPILOGUE.

*His Voice is like the Musick of the Spheres,
It shou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [201. a time.
He's a handsome Fellow too, looks brisk and trim:
If he don't take ye, then the De'el take him.
Besides, lest our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've pickt up Gypsies now to please or fright ye.*

*Lastly, to make our House more courtly shine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Heroes did their Tour design. }
To mend their Manners, and coarſe English Feeding,
They went to Ireland, to improve their Breeding;
Yet, for all this, we still are at a loss;
Oh Collier! Collier! thou'ſt frighted away Miſs C—s;
She, to return our Foreigner's Complaiſſance,
At Cupid's call, has made a Trip to France.
Love's Fire Arms here, are ſince not worth a Son:
We've loſt the only Touch-hole of our Houſe.*

*Loſing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow:
Well, if thin Audience muſt Jo. Haynes undo;
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, O Stage!
Reſiſt the Vows of this obdurate Age;
I'll then grow wiſer, leave off playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-houſe for a Boarding School.
D'ye think the Maids won't be in a ſweet Condition,
When they are under Jo. Haynes's grave Tuition?
They'll have no occaſion then, I'm ſure, to Play,
They'll have ſuch Comings in another way.*



